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BRIEF as it necessarily and unfortunately is, President Wilson's trip to England will, we hope, result in a better understanding between the American and the British governments and indirectly help an agreement among the Allies in favor of a liberal and democratic peace. It is painfully clear that in spite of the unexampled warmth of his reception by the French government and the French people the result of the President's sojourn in Paris has been to bring out serious differences of policy among the French, Italian and American governments. One of the well informed American correspondents in Europe has described those differences as vital but not insuperable. The best chance of overcoming them depends upon the reaching of some agreement between President Wilson and the British Cabinet. If an agreement can be reached between the maritime Powers, it will enormously improve the prospects of obtaining a treaty of peace which is built on durable foundations, and which will win the loyal future allegiance of the American people. President Wilson cannot afford to allow himself to be isolated in Paris. Strengthened by British cooperation, he may succeed in accomplishing some at least of his high purposes. Divided from Great Britain his chances of success look very meagre.

AN agreement in relation to their own possible future differences and to maintain outlines of the treaty of peace should be possible between the American and the British governments. Lord Grey has publicly advocated an adjustment of the controversy over the "freedom of the seas" almost identical with that recently proposed in the New Republic; and it is an adjustment which would satisfy the legitimate interests and do honor to the statesmanship of both governments. For the rest, the most serious remaining differences between the two governments turn partly on the policy with respect to Russia, partly on the kind of assistance and relief needed by the people of Central Europe and partly on the size of the demands made on Germany for indemnification. These differences are serious, but they will be much less serious, provided an understanding can be reached as to the facts of the actual situation in Russia and of the actual needs of the people of Central Europe and how much they can be made to pay. In any event, the disposition of English liberals in dealing with such matters is fundamentally similar to that of Americans, and English liberal opinion will exercise a strong pressure on the government. The work of reaching an agreement will be aided by the underlying similarity between the interests and the ideals of the two nations. Alone among the warring countries, the two English-speaking governments bowed to liberal opinion by publishing their war aims, and the two programmes while by no means identical were near enough alike to make an agreement entirely possible.

IN connection with the negotiations between the United States and Great Britain and the possibility of a complete future understanding, Americans should keep in mind one fact of prime im-

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portance. Historically the relationship between Great Britain and the continent is not dissimilar to the relationship which has come into existence as a consequence of the war between America and Europe. Great Britain was always ready to take part in continental politics, whenever questions of general European interest were raised, but she would not enter into any alliance with a continental power, and she always preserved a considerable independence of action. Until recently it looked as if, because of obligations assumed during the war, this partial isolation of Great Britain has come to an end, but the complete victory over Germany, the disintegration of Russia and Austria-Hungary and the aggressive policies of France, Italy and Poland restores a general condition of continental policies not dissimilar to that which resulted formerly in the partial isolation of Great Britain. If the continent becomes again a group of competitive military Powers, united chiefly for the purpose of thwarting one another's ambitions, the British Commonwealth will instinctively draw away from the continent just as it did after the Napoleonic wars. Like the United States it cannot afford to enter into a permanent political relationship with continental nations except on some basis which subordinates military to naval power but which at the same time makes naval power the instrument of organized international security and fair play.

THERE is a demand from many quarters that Germany stand last in the bread line. Let Belgium, France, Italy and all other countries have their fill first, and then if anything is left over, which is improbable, let Germany have it. The argument for this course is based on the theory that the guilty and innocent should not be treated alike but that with food as with indemnities the aggressor should be punished and the victim rewarded. But what if by starving Germany, as there is danger we may do, we overthrow our own civilization? Famine in Germany means chaos, pillage, the nonpayment of indemnities and the spreading of disorder throughout the whole of central and eastern Europe. Our main business is to restore order in the world and to give the world a chance to live, and we cannot do this unless we send food to Germany. There will be less food in the world in 1920 and 1921 and 1922 if by starving Germany today we add to the forces making for world dissolution.

ALL the prominent Russian émigrés are now in Paris or headed for that city where they plan, each after his kind, to secure international leverage to wreak their particular wills upon Russia. Each party of émigrés hopes somehow to win at least a shadowy recognition at the peace conference. Such recognition would increase the ease of access to the propaganda funds still lying about in non-Russian capitals. But the Allied governments are not likely to fall victims to such schemes. Not one of the factions clamoring for recognition can deliver any considerable Russian influence in return for favors it may receive. The Bolsheviki appear to have more power than any other faction in Russia, and although Allied intervention has greatly increased their numbers, they remain weak. The great mass of the Russian population is apparently abstaining from politics. It is just possible that if the Allied governments would also abstain from Russian politics and attempt to work for the good of the Russian people through the cooperative associations, whose organization has remained practically intact, a party of moderation might arise with which the Allied governments could do business.

WOULD it be possible through skilful propaganda to induce the American people to give their support to monarchy, even such monarchy as a restoration of the Romanoffs would involve? Apparently the American Defense Society believes that the trick can be turned. In a circular addressed to American ministers of the Gospel the chairman of the board of trustees of that organization enjoins the preaching of sermons on December 29th on the "need for some action being taken in Congress to see that Russia is given the help she needs." The "help" specified in the circular proves on closer inspection to be the supplying of Admiral Kolchak's party with "every necessity to enable them to drive out the Bolsheviki and restore order in the country." If the ministers to whom the circular is addressed have paid close attention to the news out of Russia, they will remember that Admiral Kolchak has already driven the moderate constitutional elements out of the "Omsk government." They will also recognize in Kolchak the Siberian adjutant of Denikin, who was an intimate friend of the late Tsar and is the present hope of the Romanoffs. The American Defense Society may thus inveigle a few unwary American ministers into a movement for the restoration of the Russian autocracy. But might they not go farther in the end if they came out boldly and said "We are for a Tsar?"

ONE part of our war record in which we shall not take pride is our treatment of the conscientious objector. It was inevitable that in applying so novel a principle as that of the selective draft we should have stumbled upon a number of difficulties we had not thought of. We did not

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know how many queer sects, how many unusual personal ideals there were among us. And so when we drew up regulations intended to insure efficiency in the control of slackers while making due allowance for conscientious scruples, we made a rough job of it. As a consequence we have men serving long prison terms for resistance to the draft who in any other civilized country would be free. That is a fault we can in part atone by amnesty. But what no amnesty can atone are the methods we have employed in our attempt to discipline such prisoners of conscience. Excessive periods of solitary confinement have been employed and are still being employed. The manacling of prisoners to the bars of cells was a device apparently employed up to within a month ago. It was announced by the War Department on December 6th that this mode of punishment would no longer be used. Very much worse things have happened to conscientious objectors but apparently without authorization from the war administration.

NOBODY accuses the War Department of inventing new and unusual forms of punishment for whipping the conscientious objectors into submission or insanity. All that the War Department did was to turn this novel type of offender over to the war machine, to be handled by the conventional methods. Those methods were effective for their purposes; whether they would stand the tests of an enlightened penology is beside the point. Solitary confinement, manacling, cold douches and the like offered an effective curb to mere laziness and disorderliness. But the conscientious objector presented an entirely different problem. To quote from the War Department News Bureau circular of December 6th, " with the influx of political prisoners to disciplinary barracks, particularly at Fort Leavenworth, extremity of attitude on the part of this new type of prisoner has at times led to extremity of discipline, as provided by military regulations. These clearly were not formulated with the political type of prisoner in mind, and their effectiveness as deterrents has been questionable." The War Department has at last learned what it should have been clear-sighted enough to know from the beginning.

IN the case of a positive living spirit like Randolph Bourne death is an accident against which every feeling revolts. Bourne by intention as well as necessity pressed against the edge of life. He felt things keenly, favorably or unfavorably, and he held firm to the most difficult of careers, the career of seeing things for himself. Behind his book reviews and editorials and educational articles there was the loneliness of a spirit steeped in American tradition, aesthetic as well as political, and yet demanding more of America on that account than the most exigent of aliens. Bourne was drawn to the aliens by nature. He felt for them and with them, and he welcomed with special fervor every manifestation of their progress against Philistia. It is a question whether time would have altered him. Opportunities had come his way and his gifts were ripe, but it is not always certain that time will round the sharp corners. Yet Bourne gave every promise of being more and more salient and contributive. It is a misfortune that he is gone.

"MORE than half a century ago socialism was invented in Germany," says the New York Times, editorially. Has the Times given no heed to the voluminous proofs offered by Allied scholars that the Germans have invented nothing? As to socialism: did not Karl Marx take the cue to the " materialistic interpretation of history " from the Englishman Harrington, and the theory of surplus wealth from the French socialists, who go back considerably more than half a century? The Germans thrust the living soul of British and French socialism behind the bars of the Hegelian system and thus imparted to it something of the psychology of the political prison. The open and humanitarian spirit that characterized the socialism of Owen and Fourier, Louis Blanc and Proudhon became infected with hatred, suspicion, intrigue. But the socialism that is now abroad in the world has in a large measure overcome those vices. Only the German chauvinists will claim that present day socialism is in any true sense German. If it bears one national character rather than another, that character is French.

SOME day a history of history will be written which will show how in all countries and ages the chronicling of events has been used to inflate tribal or national pride, intensify animosities, glorify war and prepare the ground for future wars. The social class that holds power is the class that directs how the histories shall be written, and thus we have and have had priestly histories, kingly histories and great capitalist histories and we always have had jingo histories. To a quite appreciable extent the historians and their patrons have been responsible for the world war as well as for the peculiar acerbity of those nationalistic and racial antagonisms which now make a real peace so difficult. This provocative history, declare the German Socialists, must now cease. The German Minister of Education therefore promulgates an order forbidding all teaching of history intended to incite race antagonism or glorify war. The motive underlying this official decree is excellent and yet it is

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doubtful where any policy of repression, even a repression of the bad, will meet the difficulties of the case. The German order, true to German type, forbids also "all false teaching about the world war and its causes," "all disloyal remarks and observations" about the revolution and the revolutionary government and all teachings and actions by teachers tending towards counter-revolution. In other words we are faced with a typically bureaucratic Verboten instead of with an opening of the windows. Let us have no official repression of histories, and let us put our trust in criticism and not in censorship.

Shadow Hunters

A RECENT issue of the National Civic Federation Review contains an article entitled Shadow Huns and Others, written by T. Everett Harré. It is an onslaught on American writers who are said to be playing Germany's game by "sowing the seeds of distrust" between America and her European associates. He assigns to the New Republic the foremost position in this nefarious group of pro-German propagandists. He accuses us of being stupid and pretentious understudies of George Sylvester Viereck and Jeremiah O'Leary. To support these accusations he quotes passages from the New Republic in which we drew attention to the existence of differences of political purpose between President Wilson and the British or French governments. Our course in emphasizing and discussing such differences is in his opinion a sufficient excuse for trying to fasten on the New Republic the same kind of odium which their enemies have expressed by calling the Germans Huns.

The crucial question raised by the substance of this indictment is, of course, a question of fact. Did any divergence actually exist between the political objects for which President Wilson had pledged his countrymen to fight, and the political objects which the British, French or Italian governments planned to achieve in the event of victory? If no such divergences existed or if, in so far as they existed, they were unimportant, the course of the New Republic in insisting on their existence might be disloyal and odious. But what if such differences did actually exist? What if their existence were of enough importance to imperil the success of the war aims on behalf of which the President has asked his fellow-citizens to fight? Surely in that event it was a patriotic service to advertise the differences and to plead, as the New Republic has done, for an inter-Allied conference which would iron out the differences and agree upon a joint political programme. By so doing the New Republic was not fomenting discord among the enemies of Germany. We were merely calling attention to the dissensions which were certain eventually to boil up to the surface. We were pleading for a removal of their causes, for the political unity which the President declared to be as indispensable as the unity of military command.

Mr. T. Everett Harré justifies his onslaught apparently by denying the existence of any discrepancy between the war aims of the United States and those of its European associates. He asks "Who in the Allied Councils, in the opinion of the New Republic, would have been opposed to Mr. Wilson's programme?" If he wants an answer, let him read the newspapers. According to the Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune the "French both distrust and dread Wilsonian idealism. They prefer the rich blend of idealism and realism represented by Mr. Roosevelt."

Mr. Harré can judge from Mr. Roosevelt's own words of the amount of "disunity" which exists between the rich Roosevelt blend of idealism and realism which is preferred by the French and President Wilson's shameless idealism. The answer looks conclusive, but perhaps, ridiculous as it may seem, the New York Tribune will be considered a prejudiced witness. Mr. Harré may answer that the Tribune is also trying to foment "disunity" among the enemies of Germany and like the New Republic should be stigmatized as "Shadow Hun." Let us turn, then, to the New York World, whose editor-in-chief accompanied Colonel House to Europe and which in spite of its honorable independence certainly avoids any act or words which would add unnecessarily to Mr. Wilson's difficulties. In a recent issue the World declares: "To say that the governments with which the President is now to deal personally are generally regarded as hostile to the kind of peace that he advocates is merely to state a fact of common knowledge everywhere except in the United States." Thus the New York World too is manifestly fomenting disunity and must be posted as a candidate for membership in Mr. Harré's club of "Shadow Huns."

Again, let us take the record of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt as compared to the record of the New Republic in this matter of "creating disunity." Mr. Roosevelt like ourselves early recognized the existence of a latent discord between the American political programme as defined by the President and that of some of America's European associates. The difference turned chiefly upon whether or not the treatment of a beaten Germany should be

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dictated by the idea of punishment or by the idea of regeneration. Mr. Roosevelt believed in the former. He has used all his great influence for the purpose of encouraging the European associates of the United States to insist on a punitive peace and so to create disunity within the anti-German alliance and American public opinion. The New Republic called attention to an existing or latent divergence in the hope of removing its cause and building up a united front on the basis of the American official programme. Mr. Roosevelt not only recognized but did his best to increase the "disunity" in the hope of effectually building up foreign opposition to the American official programme. The inference is obvious. The New Republic is a "Shadow Hun" and a "parlor Bolshevist" while Mr. Roosevelt is a one hundred per cent American patriot.

The New Republic sought to have the differences removed precisely because we anticipated and dreaded their consequences. The quickest and surest road to their settlement seemed to be a conference before the fighting stopped, among the enemies of Germany. The motives which operated in favor of unity were much stronger as long as American military assistance was still necessary than they became when American military assistance was no longer necessary. But there was no way of agitating for a conference except by calling attention to the differences of policy which made a conference desirable. The New Republic was bitterly criticized for insisting on these differences during the course of the fighting and on the need of keeping the discussion of them alive, but its policy has been only too completely vindicated by the event. Instead of creating "disunity," we were facing its existence and recommending the most effective way of substituting unity for it. Had a conference been called, as it would have been if the American press had understood and discussed President Wilson's war aims or expressed keen and intelligent solicitude for their success, the American programme would not now be compromised by any blend, however rich, of American idealism and European realism. In that case Americans would not now be saying, as does the New York World: "During the last four years so many of them [the American people] have been ardently pro-British or pro-French or pro-Belgian or pro-German that they have forgotten about the vital necessity of being pro-American. Now that the test has come, their own foreign sympathies are being turned against them in support of a peace which bears little relation to the ideals for which they have been sacrificing and fighting." The policy of the New Republic has always been pro-American in the sense of ardent loyalty to the ideals of international security and justice which have usually been the formative influence in American foreign policy.

The organ of the National Civic Federation, when it throws opprobrious epithets at people for the awful offense of disagreeing with its secretary, Mr. Ralph Easley, is imitating the methods of the cheapest political agitators and the vilest yellow journalism. It is always the tactics of the yellow journalist to disqualify in advance the person he proposes to attack by denouncing his victim as some kind of a coward or crook or traitor. He is seeking not for a fair discussion among equals in the hope of enlightening and vitalizing public opinion but for a sufficient pretext to abuse his opponents, to prejudice the issue and to foreclose discussion. These tactics have, of course, always been the great weapon of destructive and revolutionary agitators. It helps them to create and intensify angry prejudices, violent suspicions and irreconcilable discord within a nation and to prevent the formation of a discriminating, responsible and self-possessed public opinion. The same tactics are used also by equally anti-social conservatives who prefer revolution to radical changes and who wish to prevent the discussion of radical social programmes by associating radicalism with crime. But it is a suicidal weapon to be used by the organ of a Federation, whose policy is supposed to embody a high sense of civic responsibility and to aim at the promotion of a unified national consciousness.

Considering the origin and the objects of the Federation it is a sinister fact that its policy should now be dictated by such a factious, rancorous, arrogant and unreasonable spirit. There are broadly speaking two ways of promoting a unified national consciousness. One of them is to start with a definite formulation of social and political policy derived from the existing balance of forces within a nation, establish them in a body of social and political institutions, and then resist stubbornly and, if necessary, violently any movement towards radical change. The unity obtained in this way may be temporarily effective, but it is born of suppression and it converts radicals into revolutionists. The other way to unify the nation is to focus the process of union with the general ideal of a social and political organization which seeks to liberate and enhance the lives of its members, and then to make full allowance for the need of continually readjusting the specific institutions and policies, in which the general idea was first embodied, to alterations in the condition of social growth. If the second way is adopted, it cannot succeed unless the nation accepts as an agency of readjustment the full public ventilation of all grievances and proposed reme-

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dies, a willingness carefully to investigate the facts, and a candid and fair discussion of honest and significant differences of interest and opinion. The National Civic Federation was started for the purpose of promoting national unity by the second method. It was to provide a national forum of investigation and discussion. But as now conducted it is practicing the first methods, which seeks a forced national unity by refusing even to listen to disagreeable opposing interests and views. It tends to provoke the ultimate use of physical violence by emulating the tactics and the language of the Jacobin press. If it continues to adopt these tactics, it will in a democracy such as the United States degenerate into a mere organ of irreconcilable class interest and as such will become a peculiarly powerful and insidious source of national disunity.

Disintegration in Europe

AFTER the over-simplified war propaganda of the last two years, the object of which was to arouse Americans to the danger of the German menace, it is difficult for Americans to readjust their point of view and penetrate to the heart of the present European distress and danger. They are naturally confused and disconcerted by the clear evidence of a distraught condition, the existence of which they have never been allowed to suspect—a condition whose danger consists not in the peculiarly aggressive national arrogance of any one Power, but in the tendency of all Powers to seek their own national advantage rather than the good of the whole. European nations and classes are divided, restless, insurgent, impatient, headstrong and intolerant, when they most need to be forbearing, disinterested, considerate and mutually helpful. As the evidence of this distraught condition increases in violence and clarity, the instinctive tendency of Americans will be for Americans to congratulate themselves on their own comparative immunity from European moral and physical distress and to erect their geographical separation into a sufficient excuse for political isolation.

Yet, if they do return to the cultivation of their own vine and fig tree as the best means of fulfilling their national life, they will have yielded to a selfish particularism—a particularism analogous to that which so many European nations are exhibiting. Now if ever is the time for international co-operation on the broadest possible basis of fellow-feeling and irrespective of racial, class and national differences. The menace to civilization which has been created by four years of competitive annihilation unprecedented in human history is just as terrible as was the menace of the German militarist autocracy; and the free nations are even less prepared to deal with it. For they are dealing with the consequences of an enervating and exhausting war in a spirit of mutual suspicion and aggressive self-assertion, which was responsible for the war itself. They are unable to see that just as the free nations formerly needed an unprecedented concentration of exertion and power for the purpose of defeating German autocracy, what they now need, after having defeated Germany, is the subordination of their triumphant power to healing and magnanimous human purposes. The Peace Conference should be nothing less than a Committee of Public Safety, composed of all the free nations and animated by a disinterested will to surrender their suspicions and to form a union for the better handling of the new and awful menace to their common welfare.

How awful the menace is has for the first time been clearly stated by Mr. Harold Williams in a recent cable to the New York Times. "The spectacle," he says, "of European ruin is simply appalling. Nineteenth century civilization has broken down. . . . There is a collapse of human moral energy, a revival of the primitive barbaric instincts and the fierce endeavor to have one's little private will by force. . . . Through all this seething and chaos run evil currents of intrigue after intrigue, monarchical, Bolshevist, financial, imperialistic, particularist, clerical, atheist. . . . . Up through the European chaos is surely creeping the menace not of socialism but of Bolshevism, which is the revengeful shadow of reckless modern materialism." In spite, that is, of the victory over Germany, and as a direct consequence of the use of war on such a destructive scale in the interest of civilization, the very tissue of civilization is suffering from corruption and disease. It is not merely that the indispensable tools of industry are run down and destroyed so that normal wholesome social labor and human intercourse cannot be resumed for an indefinite period, but armies cannot be demobilized, violence cannot be suppressed, and mutual confidence cannot be restored. All over Europe, in Germany, Dalmatia, Poland, Russia and Hungary, armed forces are seizing coveted territory in defiance or irrespective of international equity and the will of the inhabitants, and they are doing so because the active and aggressive ruling classes of the several nations have no faith in a just solution of the problems of the war. They know that the European victors are far more interested in increasing their own power than they are in reconstructing the world according to principles of international fair deal-

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ing and co-operation. The Poles, who seized Ruthenian territory, are only following the example of the French in claiming the left bank of the Rhine or the Italians in occupying Dalmatia.

According to Mr. Harold Williams there is only one way of stemming this terrible tide of demoralization. It is "supremely important" to lay an impregnable moral foundation for a new and better international community. "If a League of Nations is Utopian," he says, "then our spiritual strength is exhausted and civilization will go down in a welter of barbarous slaughter." This conception of the League of Nations as primarily a salutary moral affirmation on the part of the members of the League is unusual, but it is the only conception which will enable the League to save civilization from the threatened ruin. It is the conception which alone can convert the present association among the victors over Germany from an alliance for the purpose of imposing retribution and consolidating national gains into a society of humanized democracies. But it requires first of all renunciation on the part of the victorious nations of all ambitious claims, animosities and suspicions which divide them one from another, and which make of them an evil rather than a good example to the smaller peoples of Europe. It is up to them to lead the way and to create confidence in the future moral foundations of European order by themselves adjusting their national policies to the welfare of the whole body of nations. As they treat Germany, Russia and Austria now, so they will be treated in the future by one another and by the smaller peoples of Central Europe. If they bargain among themselves for strategic frontiers, physical guaranties and special economic advantages, they will not only keep alive the competition for power which wrecked the old Europe, but they will keep alive the reckless materialism, of which, as Mr. Williams says, Bolshevism is the revengeful shadow. There are an increasing number of people in Europe who understand the critical need of abandoning these particularist national ambitions and of seeking unity through the substitution of a society of nations for the single nation as the centre of allegiance. But they need American assistance—assistance not only from the American President, but from the American people. If the American people understand the need of saving civilization from the consequences of the war as well as from its German instigators and support their President, he may be strong enough to bring a binding union and a healing reconstruction to Europe and America. And if they do not, they themselves will eventually be engulfed in the anarchy and ruin which is now threatening Europe.

Italy's Claims

"The acute situation created by Premier Orlando's declaration remains unchanged. . . . Developments are anxiously awaited."—Cable despatch to New York Evening Sun. Paris, December 21, 1918.

THE tension between Italy and Jugoslavia cannot become much more severe if actual war is to be averted. Italy claims territory claimed by the Jugoslavs and is seeking to secure it by pressure open and secret. Feeling on both sides runs high. Throughout Italy a campaign of abuse is directed against the despised "Croats" and on the other side of the Adriatic indignant Jugoslavs are being taught to regard Italy as their implacable enemy, bent on the conquest of Slavic lands and the domination of Slavic peoples. Between France and Italy also there are signs of irritation. France is no very ardent advocate of an Italian Adriatic, and French diplomacy therefore supports Jugoslav claims. It was through no accident that the Paris ovation to the Italian King lacked some of the warmth that marked the reception of President Wilson and, earlier, of King George.

A conflict between Slav and Italian is no new thing but the present crisis dates back no further than April 26, 1915. On that day a treaty was patched up between Italy on the one hand and England, France and the Russia of Nicholas II. The treaty was not an "open covenant openly arrived at" but a very secret agreement by which Italy, after having encouraged and received rival bids from Austria sold her aid in the war to the Allies in return for territories to which she had no just claim and England, France and Russia on their part solemnly agreed that these territories should be given Italy out of lands claimed by Serbia, their war associate, without Serbia's knowledge. No wonder the treaty was secret! In due course, however, the truth leaked, and the liberals of Europe were astounded to learn of Italy's immoderation and of the vicarious generosity of the statesmen of Great Britain, France and Russia. Italy, for her intervention, was to receive, according to the summary of the New Europe, "not merely Southern Tirol to the Brenner, Gorizia, Trieste, the line of the Julian Alps to near Fiume, and the whole of Istria (with the islands of Lussin and Cherso), but also the whole of Northern Dalmatia, including Zara, Sebenico and their hinterland, and even the southern islands of Lissa, Lesina, Curzola and Meleda. This involves the annexation of nearly three-quarters of a million Slovenes and Croats, living in compact masses and with a keenly developed national consciousness."

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The bargain was, of course, immoral and in flagrant violation of all the high principles for which the signatory states pretended to stand. It was also impolitic. From the beginning the treaty created a rift between Italians and Jugoslavs, which rendered all effective cooperation impossible. No solution of the Balkan problem in the interest of the Allies could be attained so long as Italy's claims crowded in on Serbia and thus prevented Serbia making concessions to Bulgaria. The demands of Italian imperialists had a further untoward effect; they tended to unite the Austro-Hungarian Empire and thus to prolong the war. Because of Italian ambitions Jugoslavs fought enthusiastically against Italy in the Carso while their brothers were risking their lives in the Serbian army. Since the armistice and the resulting elimination of Austria, the conflict between Italian and Jugoslav has grown much worse. The Jugoslavs resent the fact that the armistice terms for Austria-Hungary were drawn with special reference to the boundary line conceded to Italy by the London secret treaty and they point out that the Italian troops have passed even beyond this advanced line and have occupied territory to which they have no possible shadow of claim. On the other hand the acceptance by the Jugoslav Revolutionary Committee of the Austro-Hungarian fleet arouses the deepest indignation among Italian imperialists. On both sides there have been warnings and threats which in other circumstances would lead to war. So far have matters gone that Premier Orlando declares that the Italian army cannot be disbanded because of the new dangers threatening Italy.

The case against Italy, by which we mean official, imperialist Italy, is strong. It cannot be doubted, and it is no longer even denied, that in entering upon the war she surrendered to her imperialists and drove the hardest bargain possible. Not only did she bargain for lands to which she had no just claim, lands in which the Italic element is extremely small, but she also accepted liabilities of future conquests, for, as all the history of the region shows, Dalmatia cannot be held unless the hinterland, which is irredeemably Slavic, is also occupied. At the same time the Italian imperialist is not without his retort. There are, he insists, imperialists in other countries also. It is all very well for France to assail Italy's political usury, but France also knew that the treaty was immoral when she signed it, as did Great Britain. Can England and France after going to war to uphold the sacredness of treaties now declare that the deliberate if secret pact of London is "a scrap of paper"? Italy has paid the price; she has sacrificed her men, has spent her wealth, has seen her lands ravaged. Is this a time for her Allies to declare high-mindedly that they will not pay their share because it was all a thieves' bargain? The Italian imperialist insists that not to keep such a treaty, not to fulfill its terms to the last paragraph, would be an act of unparalleled political baseness.

Again, retorts the Italian imperialist, what am I doing that others are not doing? Admitting that Dalmatia is more Slav than Italian, is not the left bank of the Rhine, which French imperialists demand, more German than French? Poland has seized Dantzig, a typically German city; is Dalmatia less Italian than Dantzig is Polish? It is well enough to apply the principle of self-determination to the territories promised to Italy by the secret Treaty of London but is the same principle to be applied to Lemberg, which the Poles have just taken from the Ukrainians after a bloody battle? Is it to be applied to German-speaking Bohemia, or to the Hungarian and German parts of Transylvania, or to the various sections of the former Turkish Empire, or to Macedonia or even to Alsace-Lorraine? Italy protests against a dual standard of political ethics; she does not wish to be made more moral and self-abnegating than her censors. We must control the Adriatic, she says, or have it controlled against us by our future enemies in the East aided perhaps by other enemies elsewhere. You ask us to leave the Adriatic alone and trust to world disarmament, leagues of nations, and freedom of the seas? But who else is trusting solely to these safeguards? The British imperialists, whatever else their attitude towards future guaranties of peace, insist upon an immediate and overwhelming British naval supremacy, the French upon French military power, and almost all the nations are striving for special positions, strategic strangle-holds, just as though the millennium were not at hand. Why should Italy be virtuous beyond the virtue of other nations? Finally if France and Britain are now reluctant to give to Italy Serbia's rightful territory after having wrongfully promised it, why may they not substitute territory of their own, Tunis, Malta or something else equally acceptable?

A retort is not an argument and all this wrangling leads to no permanent results. Italy's defense of her claims is no true defense but merely an attack, in the main justifiable, upon the claims of her rivals and critics. If the governors of the nations that were fighting for democracy cannot rise above this level of chaffering, if they throw aside all pretensions of morality as soon as pretensions are no longer of value, then nothing will have been gained by the war and the situation of the world will be worse than five years ago. Unless better counsels

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prevail, the Peace Congress of Versailles will produce a new and terrible harvest of wars and will prove to be not as bad as but infinitely worse than the Congress of Vienna of unsavory memory. The German menace will have disappeared—at least temporarily, but what of the tension between Italy and Jugoslavia, Poland and the Ukraine, Poland and Germany, Italy and France, to say nothing of innumerable smaller conflicts in all parts of Europe, to say nothing of Russia. Unless extravagant demands are withdrawn and nationalistic aggrandizement repressed, the ground will be prepared for new and more bitter national struggles and the war which has just ended will prove to have been not the whole war but merely a first battle. We shall have sat through only the first act of a long, harrowing and infinitely tedious tragedy.

Italy should come to her senses, shove aside her Sonninos and Orlandos and follow the lead of her true patriots. She should come to an agreement with Jugoslavia, perhaps along the lines of the Torre-Trumbic agreement of March 1918. But if Italy withdraws her extreme claims she has a right to demand that France, Poland and other nations recede from their extreme positions. If she surrenders her demand for control of the Adriatic, "our Adriatic" (which, unfortunately, she shows no signs of doing), she has the right to demand such a revision of all the claims of the Allies and such a policy of reconstruction in Europe as will enable her to make this sacrifice without danger to herself.

Black Prospects for Russia

WHY are American and Allied troops still carrying on operations in Russia? How long are they to remain, and what objects are they intended to achieve? These are questions that democrats everywhere are asking. They will continue to ask these questions, undisturbed by the preposterous and knavish insinuations of the counter-revolutionary propaganda that democratic discontent with Allied Russian policy is fostered by Bolshevist agents, subsidized by Bolshevist gold. One of these days, let it be understood, the western democracies will demand an inquiry into all propaganda, pro-Bolshevist and anti-Bolshevist, and put a stop to both. In the meantime let us go on the assumption, however violent, that propaganda has not influenced Allied policy in one way or another; that it is determined by genuine reasons of state, good or bad. What are they?

Viscount Milner, British Secretary of War, has deigned to set forth some of these reasons. The Bolsheviki, "whatever their ultimate object, were in fact assisting our enemies in every possible way." They were responsible, according to Milner, for the breakdown of Russian resistance and for the collapse of Rumania. They interfered with the movements of the Czecho-Slovaks, who wished to return home to fight for their native land. They made accessible to Germany the resources of the Russian Empire. What does this indictment show except that nothing has happened to dispel the lamentable ignorance that beclouded British policy toward Russia in the late days of the Tsar? Russian fighting power had virtually collapsed long before the revolution. Russia had suffered inconceivably. She had sacrificed two lives to every one sacrificed by France, England and Italy combined. Her military and economic plight was far more desperate than that of Germany at the time when the Kaiser's government surrendered unconditionally. Neither the Tsar nor the constitutional liberals nor the Soviet authorities could have galvanized the Russian people into enthusiasm for further fighting. Miliukoff tried it, and fell. Kerensky tried it, and fell. Trotzky wanted to try it. He wanted to secure from the Allies a definite repudiation of the secret treaties, a proclamation of unmixed devotion to the principles of a democratic peace. Thus the war might have been made to appear to the wearied Russian masses as a clear cut struggle between democracy and imperialism. The western Allies of Russia preferred the secret treaties to such aid as Russia could offer. Perhaps that was good policy. But to assert that Russia sinned grievously against the Allies when she refused to suffer longer under a war whose aims could not be put in democratic terms is nothing but monstrous cant.

According to Milner, it was the Bolshevist defection that threw the resources of Rumania into the hands of the Germans. Here Milner's memory fails him. Before the Bolshevist ferment had even begun to work, the resources of Rumania had been seized by Mackensen. When Rumania entered the war she expected the Allies to attack from Saloniki, and Tsarist Russia to provide guns and munitions, and, in case of need, some trained army corps. Neither the Allies nor the Russians moved, and Rumania fell helpless under the wheels of the conqueror. Viscount Milner has doubtless a good explanation for the inability of the Saloniki force to take the offensive, and the Soukhomlinoff trial sufficiently explained Russia's betrayal. But for Milner to try the foist the blame upon the Bolsheviki—that almost passes the limits even of propaganda.

The Soviet government made peace when no Russian government could have made war and

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survived. That involved disadvantage and danger to the western Allies, and they were perhaps justified in intervening to such an extent as might have been necessary to safeguard their interests. There were valid reasons for seizing the military supplies at Vladivostok and Archangel. There were valid reasons for trying to get the Czecho-Slovak contingents out of Russia—although there is as yet no evidence of any honest attempt to get those forces out. On the contrary, Allied policy has kept the Czecho-Slovaks in Russia, when what they most wanted was to go by way of Vladivostok or Archangel to the western front. There was perhaps reason for even this policy. It enabled the Allies to prevent food supplies from being shipped from the Don basin and from Siberia to Moscow and Petrograd, whence some crumbs, escaping the starving civil population, might have got into the hands of the Germans. War is war, and nations cannot be too nice in the methods they employ in achieving victory. But now, when the victory has been achieved, what honest man will assert that all the grievances were on our side? Through the instrumentality of the Czecho-Slovaks we starved multitudes of Russians to death, under the delusion that Germany expected to get supplies from the Bolshevik north. Where she really expected to get supplies, and got them, was from the anti-Bolshevik Ukraine, for which we consistently apologized, because it respected the rights of private property.

Viscount Milner's reasons for intervening in Russia are uniformly bad reasons. The results of our intervention were uniformly bad results. Our Russian enterprise contributed nothing to the overthrow of Germany. It was a mistake from first to last. Are we going to exhibit the manliness of confessing it, and of withdrawing from the Russian affairs that go from bad to worse under our interference?

Not if Viscount Milner can decide for us. Whatever the rights or wrongs of our intervention, there are thousands of Russians who have joined our forces. "How can we, simply because our own immediate purposes have been served, come away and leave them to the tender mercies of their and our enemies before they have had time to arm, train and organize so as to be strong enough to defend themselves? It would be an abominable betrayal, contrary to every British instinct of honor and humanity." No retirement from Russia until the handful of Tsarists, constitutional monarchists, constitutional liberals, social revolutionaries, that have attached themselves to the Allied force and compromised it with their excesses have been placed in a position to dominate the immense majority who, whatever their attitude toward the Bolsheviki, have no confidence whatever in Kolchak or Horwath or Semenoff, Tchaikoffsky or Miliukoff or any other partisans of foreign intervention.

That is a black prospect for Russia. It is a prospect of interminable civil war; for, granted that the Allied forces can down the Bolsheviki—who but for Allied intervention would doubtless have fallen of themselves—which of the numerous stripes of counter-revolutionaries will Viscount Milner set up in the end? There is already discord among them which presages civil war. It is all very well to shudder over the thought of abominable betrayals. But Viscount Milner will abominably betray most factions, whether he likes it or not. There is no cohesion in the pro-interventionist camp except such as is derived from common hatred of the Bolsheviki. When the Bolsheviki are gone, Russia may finally right herself somehow, but only after an agony immensely prolonged by the selfishness and short-sightedness of men like Milner whom an evil fate has chartered to discredit the good cause of democracy.

The War Against Peace

IF the real issues at stake in the peace congress remain obscure, it will not be the fault of the Senators Lodge and Knox. They do not say, in so many words, that the conception of the great struggle in Europe as a war to end war was just a delusion employed by crafty statesmen to stiffen democratic morale. They do not say that the idea of a stable peace, founded upon international cooperation and good will, is repulsive to them. They do not say that their hopes for the future involve a renewal of the struggle for power in which America will occupy a larger and larger part in the affairs of the world, utilizing occasions of strife between other nations to advance her own imperial power. Yet such are the plain implications of the policies proposed by Senators Lodge and Knox.

Senator Lodge's argument looks innocent. Will not the peace congress have its hands full enough with the concrete problems, territorial, financial, commercial, arising out of the war just ended? Must it scatter its energies by embracing the complicated task of organizing a League of Nations? The obvious reply is that the most vital problems of the peace demand one solution if the epoch of wars is to be wound up and another solution if we are to look forward to an unending series of new wars. If we premise the peace upon new wars, we shall have them. If we premise it upon a stable international order, we have at least a work-

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ing chance of expelling war from the conventional scheme of political affairs.

If the peace congress were to disband with the League of Nations merely a pious hope, what ought France to do about the boundary question? Holding Alsace-Lorraine, she would incur some risk of a German war of revenge. It would be the business of the French statesmen to see that in such a war Germany would have an initial handicap to overcome. The annexation of all German territory west of the Rhine would weaken German military power. The splitting up of Germany into a number of antagonistic states would still further increase the chances that France would come off victorious in any future war. That means a reversion to the policy of Louis XIV. All these dispositions for the strengthening of France and the weakening of Germany would necessarily excite in Germany a desire for a war for liberation and unity. Possibly the German power to win would be weakened in greater measure than the German will to win was strengthened. That is the object of the politics of power. But such a condition would bode ill for the peace of Europe.

One further instance. If no League of Nations is assured by the peace congress, Italy will be justified in guiding her policy by the principles of sacred egoism. She will be justified in demanding that the Adriatic be made an Italian lake; in holding the Ionian islands and the Dodecanese and so much of Asia Minor as she can wrest from the Turks and her Allies. She will be justified in fomenting discord between Croats and Serbs, in playing off Bulgaria against Rumania, Hungary against Czecho-Slovakia. Her only sure reliance will lie in her own imperial power and in the curbing of the nationalistic and imperialistic tendencies of neighboring states. But it would be childish to imagine that Italy alone would play at the game of politics and power. Sooner or later the Jugoslavs and Greeks would contrive to bring about a reappraisal of Italy's powers and rights. Future war is the shadow that hangs over the kind of peace that Italy must seek, if there is to be no League.

But after the peace has been drawn up in such terms as the several Powers may dictate, can we not form a permanent alliance to guarantee those terms? The American nation could not afford to underwrite such a peace. It could not afford to employ its energies in the perpetuation of conditions that have no other basis than force. France might have nationalistic reasons for holding some millions of Germans in subjection. That is nothing unprecedented in nationalistic policy. But she could not expect America to aid her in her enterprise. Italy could expect nothing but neutrality from us if the Jugoslavs made war upon her to establish their national unity and independence.

If a League of Nations is established by the peace congress, France will find no profit in annexing German territory, nor Italy in annexing territory inhabited by Jugoslavs or Greeks. A politically French Rhine, a politically Italian Adriatic, would mean only vexation to the real France and the real Italy if all strategic considerations are absorbed into the guaranty of the League.

The proposal to postpone the formation of the League is a proposal to kill the project forthright. That Senator Lodge understands very well. So does Senator Knox. And so sure is he of the bearing of his proposals that he actually offers an alternative solution—a "Monroe Doctrine of the world." Let America announce that "if a situation should arise in which any Power or combination of Powers should directly or indirectly menace the freedom and peace of Europe, the United States would regard the situation with grave concern as a menace to its own freedom and peace, and would consult with other Powers affected with a view to concerted action for the removal of such menace."

Under such a doctrine the United States would have proclaimed her right to involve herself in any European quarrel that might arise. Europe will be replete with quarrels if Lodge and Knox have their way. And America would have her hand in every one of them, fighting constantly for causes she did not help to shape. She would have taken over the role formerly occupied by England of arbiter of European quarrels, partisan in obscure strifes leading to obscurer ends. That is not peace for America nor for the world. But peace is exactly the state against which the imperialists of America and Europe are waging war.

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The Temper of Jewry

WHEN the First Jewish Congress convened in Philadelphia last week, after two years of hesitation, it did not know its own mind. It had, as a matter of fact, no vivid common consciousness. It hardly had a common purpose. It was a loose aggregation of mutually distrustful delegates and tiny, pugnacious factions, bent much more resolutely on suppressing and discrediting one another than on achieving any common end. Yet within a three days session the Congress achieved an incredibly difficult and supremely significant common task and from a distraught gathering of distrustful individuals transformed itself into an impressive unified whole.

The Congress was confronted from the first by a parcel of knottier problems than had ever fallen to the lot of any similar assembly, but the basic difficulty of the greater part of them was that the Congress was utterly without effectual power to deal with them. It must address itself to the question of pogroms and boycotts in Poland, the unfulfilled treaty obligations of the Russian government to grant civil rights to its Jewish population, the future of the starving and homeless in Russia and Lithuania, the final disposition of Palestine. But these and many others are the business of government. And the First American Jewish Congress, democratically representative though it was, could in no sense be called a governmental body. On these its most vital concerns, it might make resolutions and recommendations, and trust to the poignant justice of its claims to have them adopted. But it had no power to enforce its will. More than one leader on the way to the meeting hall freely admitted that at its best the Congress would be no more than a solemn gesture. And at its worst—at its worst it might end in an ignominious, disastrous row.

No one who knew the strange composition of the assemblage would have been astonished if it had broken up in disorder. Certainly no more motley body had ever been brought together under the same roof. Former Russian rebels with a record in Siberia rubbed elbows with suave bankers who had just driven up to the hall from a luxurious luncheon at the Bellevue-Stratford. Patriarchal rabbis in yarmulkes, hailing from the Bronx, sat down beside dapper young advocates from Chicago. Every corner of Europe had had a share in the nursing and rearing of the delegations. There were lank, easy-going persons whose early schooling had been got in Manchester and London, frock-coated manufacturers with memories of the Main and the Rhine, polite Rumanians with the correctest kind of mustaches, slouchy Galicians, squat, heavy-lipped, canny-eyed Lithuanians, a not inconsiderable sprinkling even of "Portuguese" from Macedonia and Hebrew-speaking Palestinians who scoffed at Yiddish, and, as if to harmonize this riot of color, a handful of elegant clubmen and straight-shouldered officers who had forgot when their ancestors had settled in the United States.

And then there were factions and parties that criss-crossed one another in the most bewildering fashion, and whose political convictions constituted the least of their differences. What may appear to outsiders an academic question, the definition of the term Jew, was, beyond doubt, the toughest bone of contention. Geographical origin, just as surely, counted for nothing, except perhaps as it indirectly affected the really vital principles. The really vital principles were, in appearance anyway, religion, nationalism, Palestine. These, it was expected, would precipitate the heavy battles; and it was along the lines of these that the parties had formed. It was a neatly balanced pattern of party-in-power and opposition—*Mizrachim* (Orthodox) and Reformed; *Poale Zion* (Labor Party) and Zionist organization, Socialist-Nationalists, conservative believers in the mission of the Diaspora. But as soon as the test came the neat pattern faded away into insignificance. No delegate fitted into any one of these divisions exclusively, and none of the groups was strong enough to carry the Congress alone. Resolutions could be put through only by combinations and coalitions, and blocs began to build out of the strangest materials. *Yidds* and *Yehudim*—Ghetto Jews and Emancipated—adhered together against freethinkers, only to dissolve their temporary bonds at the next crisis. Social revolutionaries joined hands with their old enemies the rabbis against the assimilationists, the Forward affectionately embraced the Tageblatt, orthodox Zionist stood solidly with Poale Zion, capitalist and proletarian made common cause—according to the motion before the house. Radical and reactionary had ceased to exist. This was an assembly brought together to answer the long-standing Jewish question, and the members had, on entering the hall, left all their ordinary preferences and affiliations at the door.

In a body constituted as this was, surprises surprised no one. The principal surprise was, of course, that the Congress survived its opening session. It did not look the least bit likely that it would. It took three meetings for the Congress to

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find itself, and at the second of these dissolution seemed almost inevitable. Experienced politicians had come prepared to capture the Congress, hardly knowing what they were going to do with it when (and if) they got it. It was a big if. The usual convention tactics utterly failed to function. Nothing was usual. It was the *First* Jewish Congress, and it soon became clear that jurists and professors (of whom there were an astonishing lot) were as completely in the dark about its spirit and wishes as the obscurest East Side shopkeeper, and that preconceived programmes were not worth the paper they had been drawn on.

At the initial sitting, to be sure, harmony, complete and unendurably dull, prevailed. It was a superficial harmony, and no Jew was deceived by it. It was the calm before the storm, as an occasional subdued rumble amply forewarned. The meeting was a formal and public one, and there were "strangers" present. A representative of the Mayor of Philadelphia had come to address it. This was no time to air family differences. Therefore the parliamentarians and the leaders of the major factions might flatter themselves that they had the assemblage in the hollow of their hands. There was, to be sure, a somewhat different demand from the left that one of the Socialist speakers should be heard along with the big fry on the platform. A leftist candidate for the Presidency, too, was put forward in the person of the poet Yehoash, but it was evident enough that Judge Julian W. Mack, a leading Zionist, a liberal of the best tradition, and a prince of good fellows, would carry majorities in practically all factions. Lastly, a difference, which was speedily adjusted, arose over the manner in which the Congress should register its sorrow and horror over the late massacres in Poland. But all this was mere target practice. The real withering fire was being saved up for the great battle behind the scenes.

On the evening of the same day the delegates retired to a smaller hall with diminutive galleries for real business. Outside of a few cops in the rear, it was a family crowd that felt comfortably at home. This time no stiff formalities and no restraining strangers. And the barrage began almost at once. The Socialists, balked in the afternoon, were determined not to submit again. They insisted that Mr. Chayyim Zhitlowsky, a famous social revolutionist and an able speaker, should be heard. Only for fifteen minutes. The Congress reluctantly voted him the modest space. He arose and for five minutes read from a paper, logically and effectively, about the new departure in the spirit of the Jewish people. It was a calm and well-thought-out paper, and he was listened to with breathless attention—for five minutes. Then the "new departure" he had been referring to suddenly stood out in one sharp sentence. "The Jewish people," he said, "had for many centuries been distinguished as a religious body; now this will no longer hold. Religion is not the test. It is nationality that makes a Jew." Immediately pandemonium broke loose. At first a subdued rumor from the benches of the Mizrachi, then in a moment the whole right was on its feet in a deafening uproar. A dancing dervish in a skull-cap rushed up in front of the platform, and screamed, and waved his fists in Zhitlowsky's face, and finally succumbed to tears. For three-quarters of an hour Judge Mack pounded with his gavel to no purpose. Mr. Louis Marshall, a respected leader, succeeded for a brief interval in making himself heard. He implored the rabbis to be calm, to learn to respect opponents, to prize freedom of expression. He assured them that he himself was against the speaker, that he stood with the rabbis on this point—than all of which nothing could be truer—but he had no sooner paused than the tumult recommenced. A motion was made to withdraw the speaker's privilege, and was tabled. A judge from the West shouted that the speaker had outraged the feelings of all religious Jews, and that made the uproar more uproarious. Finally a Mr. Bublik told the Mizrachi that tolerance was their special gift and distinction, and that, besides, the rest of the address would meet with their approval.

The significance and the humor of this amazing episode was that the disturbers, and nearly the entire Congress, agreed with Mr. Zhitlowsky. If a rabbi had read his paper it would have been frantically applauded. A rabbi in fact did say the same thing at a later sitting, and was frantically applauded. The opposition was to the man's record. He was a Socialist and a freethinker; therefore his insistence on nationality was principally a subtle stab at religion. It was, moreover, a profoundly spiritual address, but it had questioned the supremacy of the theological test. And the most incredible part of it was that that heretical speech turned out to be the key utterance of the Congress and cemented the loose aggregation into a solidly united body.

When, on the next day, the great international questions began to come up, resolution after resolution glided through as if on greased runners. The one final fight was to turn on the issue whether the rights to be demanded for the Jews in Poland and Rumania were to be *national* rights, and when the point arose the whole house after long debate almost solidly voted yes. And in the speeches that followed rabbis and judges and Socialists insisted that Jews were a nation and that their nationality and not their religion distinguished them from the

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other populations of East European countries. Lastly the most inspiring scene in the whole remarkable session was the vast outburst of enthusiasm for the resolution on Palestine, which recommended to the Powers at Versailles that their ancient homeland be returned to the Jewish nation. The truth is that the vast majority of the delegates had from the first been intensely nationalist. Only they had not known that this, the position of Jewish minorities among the nations, was the one vital issue in the minds of all their fellows and would become the one dramatic feature of their Congress. They did not know this until they met and clashed and therefore they could not know that the achievement of their long-yearned for Congress would be the establishment of unity among the Jews of America.

For that is the one certain thing the first American Jewish Congress has done. It has taught a faction-ridden people brought together from every end of the world, that beneath all their surface differences there is among them an essential common purpose and a deep-laid common hope. It has taught Socialist and orthodox rabbi, banker and proletarian, freethinker and Talmudist to tolerate and respect one another. And it has taught a people that had never been allowed to share in government something of the ways of parliaments and the uses of common counsel. Perhaps to the non-Jew this will seem little and elementary. But it is of those elementary preliminaries without which the greater cause of Jews the world over could never be advanced. To that greater cause all friends of the Jew and all friends of justice will now wish godspeed.

M. E. RAVAGE.

The Political Situation in Canada

A CONSERVATIVE politician recently misquoted "there is a humming in the mulberry bushes", and though the remark occasioned some merriment it describes the situation plainly enough. For something is taking place in political circles. A veiled statement in the press indicates that Sir Robert Borden intends to be Canada's representative in Britain, by no means a bad move, for Sir Robert, removed from party, is a representative Canadian. His going would mean a rearrangement of union government or probably a dissolution. The western grain growers, the new and flourishing organization of western political thought, have just issued a strong liberal free trade manifesto. Robert Rogers has given a political dinner to set Conservatism on its legs again; has hoisted the "Jolly Roger," his enemies would say. So Clifford Sifton, the Liberal party leader of the west, who is reported to have negotiated union government, has been in Ottawa and conferred with the Globe (on dit) which would seem to be remaining the official organ of a coalition government. Mr. Rowell is taking active thought as to where he comes in. The eastern Liberals have established a democratic party convention, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier has declared himself on current questions. Meanwhile two seats have been lost to the Ontario government, and won by non-official Liberals.

What are the issues moving men and parties? As in the States a dominant factor with party leaders is that the war is over and won, and America becomes a separate continent. The Atlantean bridge is again liquid. "Then longen folke to goon on pilgrimages" to their old shrines of Tariff and Trust, Party and Politics. It may in some ways be a healthy resumption of normal activities. Politics after all are only shooting at clay-birds compared to Prussian politics, but in Canada undoubtedly the pull is going to come between a Free Tradish west—their manifesto did not put clothes on the free list as it did agricultural implements—and the Old Gang in Ontario backed by a number of massive interests. Ontario will cease to be the key province, and Quebec will take its place. If Laurier had gone into union government, Quebec would now be in Bourassa's hands and holding very nationalist opinions. As it is, a meeting at a roadside inn between Laurier and Crerar, leader of western Free Traders, might change the face of Canadian politics.

This is reckoning only in terms of party and political leaders. There are the people. Such is electoral ingratitude that electorates generally incline to throw office holders out of office and give the other fellow a chance. It is this which makes it so tempting to outgoing governments to try and look like someone else, as Job Trotter did on his historic meeting with Sam Weller. You may do this once, but not twice "in our rough inland story," and there are indications that Canada would like to vote against union government, because the war is over, because prices are high, because farmers' exemptions were cancelled, because we couldn't vote against the government after giving them our money in the first Victory Loan, because it's "the morning after," and a very gray and troubled sky, because we're tired of Jacks in office, heaven sent and heaven appointed; because with Conservatives you know where you are and with Liberals you know where you are, but with Unionists it is their Nobler Selves and prohibition to toast the mixture in. And prohibition

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somehow suggests that one wing of the centre party will do Mr. Rowell to death and the other will bury him, while Puritanism will retire into the background because the soldiers will come back. Here, in fact, is the big issue. The soldiers are coming back. The munitions workers are going out. Our produce is going shortly to be at the call of the highest bidder. Industry is going to be gravely dislocated. All this calls for anxious thought, careful planning, high-minded statesmanship and great business capacity. And we are not sure of being able to find it. In the last or present regime we had men taken on trust who ruled by ukase, and their ukases were often signs of hasty attempts to cover up absent-mindedness or absentee-ism. And so of union government one gets a picture of a figure on a retreating ship, murmuring as it stands dark against the stormy sky:

"Twilight and Evening Bell
And one clear call for me.
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I put out to sea."

P. M.

The Pittsfield Rebellion

WE are conservative in Berkshire County, and rather proud of it. We are preponderantly Republican, too, and Winthrop Murray Crane is our leading citizen. Yet something happened in our midst the other day that surprised and puzzled us, and is puzzling us yet. Indeed, there were those in our number who were alarmed. It happened in the shire city of Pittsfield, a city of about 40,000 people, separated by a thin geographic line from Mr. Crane's town of Dalton, a prosperous and contentedly conservative city in which it is far easier to see Theda Bara than to purchase a copy of the New Republic. Briefly, Pittsfield, recovering from the influenza, set about its annual election of a mayor. The Republicans, who have carried the town so long that the Democrats have become discouraged, nominated the man who had filled the office for the past two years. The Democrats didn't nominate anybody. Ordinarily, it would have looked like good Republican picking at the city hall.

But there has recently been a war. In the course of this war, it became necessary for the United States government to establish a War Labor Board, and to adjust industrial disputes by conference with shop committees as well as employers. In the city of Pittsfield is one of the great works of the General Electric Company, employing even in peace times over 7000 hands. In that shop is a mechanic named David Kevlin. He wasn't always a mechanic—once he conducted a lunch wagon. A steady, thoughtful, solid man, he represented the General Electric employees of Pittsfield before the War Labor Board in Washington, when other shop committees were employing professional lawyers, and he did it so well that he came back with all demands satisfied, and the personal praise of Mr. Taft. He came back in time to run for the state legislature, in November, on an Independent Labor ticket, and in spite of the fact that his name had to be pasted on the ballot with stickers, he polled a surprisingly large vote.

An Independent Labor ticket in Berkshire was a new thing. Nobody appeared quite sure what it meant, or where it came from, though a few whispered "Bolsheviki!" Finally, Kevlin's success at the polls was explained by his success in "getting the men a raise," and the matter was more or less dismissed. But Kevlin and his supporters didn't thus dismiss it. The Independent Laborites immediately put him up for mayor, together with a city ticket, took off their coats, and began to work. Their activity attracted the attention of the Democrats, who, after what is reputed to have been a stormy session, decided in committee to endorse the Labor candidates. Just what the final result of their endorsement was, nobody seems certain. Some go so far as to say that it actually hurt Kevlin, keeping away many Republican votes. All that seems sure is that, at present, the Democratic party in Pittsfield is split wide open, and the cause of the breach bears a perilous resemblance to class consciousness.

Kevlin's campaign managers were mostly young workers from the mills, who sacrificed two weeks' pay to hustle for him. They did hustle, too. They held meetings at every shop door, they flooded the city with buttons and placards, they bombarded the newspaper, and always their battle cry was addressed to the workers; it was not a platform of municipal reform, though that was touched upon; it was a straight appeal to class consciousness, a direct and perfectly frank effort to induce the workers to vote in a unit, as they bargain in a unit, to become politically solidified. They slung no mud at the Republican candidate, and they promised to the rank and file of voters no utopian changes at the city hall. Theirs was an appeal to labor to "come across," and on that appeal they rested.

The Republican committee smiled at this new babe of a party and told them they would be snowed under. Workingmen are Republicans and Democrats when election day comes around—always have been, you know. There is no question but their smile was quite unforced, too, until election day was almost at hand. Then they began to

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be alarmed and struck back. Their weapon was simple. They discovered that Kevlin was an enrolled Socialist. They published the fact of his Socialism in a large advertisement in the local newspaper.

There are seven wards in Pittsfield. Kevlin carried four of them. He came up to Ward Four, which is the Back Bay of Pittsfield, the district of front lawns and limousines, with a majority of 175. Ward Four snowed him under. He lost the city by 366 votes. The issue was clean cut and unmistakable—it was a class issue. Politics and parties, the administration of the city government, had little to do with it. There were, to be sure, certain disgruntled politicians who "knifed" the Republican candidate; in a small city these semi-personal feuds always have more or less effect on elections. But, on the other hand, it seems sure that they were at least balanced, and probably greatly exceeded, by the Democrats who refused to accept their party endorsement of a radical. The source of Kevlin's vote showed that it came overwhelmingly from the districts where the workers live, and that he was defeated by a class, not a party. The labor unions stood back of him as they have never before backed a candidate in Pittsfield. They achieved a voting unity and unexpected strength at their first try as a party. Incidentally, they elected several members to the Common Council.

It would probably be easy to magnify the significance of this little campaign in our conservative Massachusetts city, just as it would be easy to magnify the alarm of the Ward Four dwellers (one of whom, voicing his reason for opposing Kevlin, said, "Why, if that man gets into City Hall, he'll make himself head of the police force, and then we'll have a strike in the General Electric Works every fifteen minutes!"). Nevertheless, there is no doubt but the workers have savored the sweet taste of political power, that they have developed a strong leader with an active body of young, idealistic helpers, and are already preparing for another campaign next year. The votes had scarcely been counted when they began a series of organization and educational meetings which are to continue through the winter. The Democrats, as Democrats, were not invited. Vaguely, perhaps as yet, but none the less surely, they are feeling their way toward industrial democracy through political solidarity as well as through the direct channels of industrial relations. How far the newly organized shop committees have contributed to this solidarity by releasing latent ideals and desires for self-expression, might be a pretty question. At any rate the wind is blowing, and such straws as this indicate its direction.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

Christmas Candy

THE girl who came out from the inner office when I applied for work at the candy factory said they didn't need any packers, but that they would put me on as an inexperienced dipper. I agreed to come to work the following morning. The hours were from eight to six, with an hour for lunch and a half day on Saturday. I was to get nine dollars a week to start.

The next morning at a few minutes before eight I came to the office again. There were five other girls standing around, and as we waited we talked. One of the girls had worked in a gas mask factory where she said she had made twenty-eight dollars a week, and here she was applying for work at nine. One by one the man in the office called us to him, took our names and addresses, our age and our previous experience. He offered at first to put me in the hard candy room as a packer, but when I seemed to want to learn to dip he was glad to send me to that room, for before Christmas dippers are in demand. One of the young girls in the office showed us where to hang our hats and coats—a dark, stuffy room that smelled of chocolate, where we groped around for a hook. Then up three flights to the dipping room.

When we came into the room the forelady ordered the first two girls to sit down at the tables. She sent me to the farther end of the room and called a tiny Italian girl, Mary, to show me how to pack. It was simple enough. All I had to do was to take a five-pound cardboard box, put a piece of wax paper on the bottom, fill in a layer of chocolates, then another piece of wax paper, then a sheet of cardboard, then wax paper, now another layer of chocolates, and repeat. For a while Mary brought me the heavy boards on which the dried chocolates were, then I had to get them myself. I stood filling five-pound boxes for two hours, then I stepped over to the Italian woman nearest me and asked her if I could get a bench and sit down to the work. She told me I could not sit down until the forelady came and told me to. So I worked on. Almost all the packers were old Italian women who stood stolidly and moved nothing but their hands, and those very quickly. I wondered how they could stand like that, without the ceaseless shifting from foot to foot which alone made the thing possible for me. At eleven o'clock the forelady came back and sent me to learn to dip. I was glad to drop to a bench in front of the long table.

Chocolate dipping is a skilled occupation. It takes all of a year to become an expert dipper. In front of me was a marble slab, to my right an oblong tin tray, with a smaller tray in front to

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hold the loose bits of chocolate. In the middle of the table was a narrow basin of chocolate, kept hot and fluid by electricity. I liked Celia, the girl who showed me how to dip. In the basin was a long-handled ladle, and Celia told me to pour a dipperful of the chocolate on the marble slab in front of me. I did so, and Celia put her right hand into the thick fluid and cooled it off; then she emptied it by handfuls into the tin tray at the side and told me to scrape what remained on the marble slab back into the basin. We then poured a dipperful of the warm chocolate into the back part of the tin tray to cool off. Celia told me to put my hand into the cooled chocolate on the tray. I put it in. It was like messing around in fudge, just before it is ready to pour into the pans. One of the Italian girls said, "Just suppose the 'igh brows were to see us doin' this."

The first two days I was kept at dipping almonds. Celia was very good at showing me carefully just how to do it. She asked me my first name. "Sadie," I said it was. She would pat me in an encouraging way on the shoulder. She was a Spanish girl, and she wore the filthiest apron I have ever seen. Everything smelled sickeningly of the chocolate. The first day I worked there were no windows open, and there were over a hundred women in the room. Great care is needed in keeping the temperature of the dipping department just right, as the chocolate must harden quickly. The pipes overhead were white with frost. Most of the women wore old ragged sweaters under their aprons. We all had to wear muslin caps.

At my left was a large wooden tray filled with almonds coated with sugar. With my left hand I had to throw one of the nuts into the cooled chocolate on the tin tray, cover it completely, lift it out, and place it on the board in front of me. On the board, each time I took a new one, I had to lay a piece of heavy paper, with the trade mark embossed backwards on it, so that each piece of candy bore the firm's initials. To lift the covered almond out of the chocolate, I had first to find the point, place the nut upon my middle and first finger, with the point facing toward the palm of my hand, then put my thumb on the point and slide the almond from my fingers to the paper-covered board. As I put it down I had to make the "stroke" that is found on all high priced candy, by having enough of the chocolate on the end of my thumb to make the backward line on the top of the candy. I spilled chocolate from my fingers as I tried to get the nut on the board, and the stroke was not always as perfect as it should have been. Celia was patient. She really was a good teacher.

The forelady spent most of her time among the experienced dippers. Occasionally she came to the back of the room to nag the packers. She was a fat Italian woman, made ill natured by constant speeding up of the girls. I remember that one day a few minutes before twelve some of the girls started to sing the Star Spangled Banner, and she scolded, "I don't know what youse are; youse act like a lot of loose lunatics."

At twelve o'clock the bell rang. There were two dilapidated, rusty sinks in the room. There was plenty of hot water, but liquid soap at only one of the sinks. The first day I worked there was a towel at the rear of the room. It was black by noon time, and for two days it hung there; after that we either didn't try to dry our hands or else we wiped them off on the paper that was lying around. A sign over the sink said, "Bring your own drinking cup. Always wash your hands before resuming work." One of the women had a tin cup and we all borrowed it from her. The toilet arrangements were far from ideal, but when the girls came upstairs they never dared to take the time to stop and rinse their hands before going back to their places. Where the public is asked to pay an unusually high price for the product it would seem that unusual care should be taken to keep the place as clean and as decent as possible. The Y. W. C. A. is reported as calling the girls "tough," and it would be a wonder if they were anything else.

Most of the girls brought their lunch and ate it sitting around the room in which they worked. A few groups gathered and talked; most of the women sat alone and rested. We had to be back in the room at ten minutes to one, to empty the larger pan, in which the chocolate had caked, into a box at one end of the room. At one o'clock the bell rang and we started again.

The girls at my table were young, only opposite me was there an older married woman. They talked in low tones to one another. Sometimes Celia would call them down, saying, "Youse know I get scolded when you girls talk." Celia said my apron, which I had paid a dollar and sixty-nine cents for at noon, was "real neat." We worked on and on. About three o'clock the girls began to watch the time. I thought that if only about half past three we could have had ten minutes in which to stand up and stretch it would have meant so much. But that, of course, would have allowed the chocolate to harden in the pans. We had to ask permission to go downstairs or to get a drink. The forewoman kept on screaming, urging the girls to work faster. Celia helped me a lot, and we talked. She said if I kept at it and worked hard, pretty soon I'd get a raise; I'd get nine and a half dollars a week. One afternoon a good sized mouse ran across the table, creating a great and welcome commotion.

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While we dipped steadily on the girls talked, mostly about their own affairs. A little girl on the opposite side of the table from me told about her "gentleman friend." He was taken with the influenza, and when at his request she went to Bellevue Hospital to see him, he was dead. Their engagement was to have been announced at Christmas. He was seventeen, she sixteen. "He was a real fine fellow," she said. "My mother liked him, too." "Are you married, Sadie?" they asked me. "Mostly married ladies work here." The girl next me said, "Seems like we never get a full week's pay. Last week they took out for Victory Day, and now this week they take a day's pay out on everyone for the War Fund Drive; and next week comes Thanksgiving. They just take the money out of your envelope and send it to the fund, and *they* get all the credit. A dollar and a half out of nine dollars a week only leaves seven and a half to live on," she explained to me. The married women compared notes about their husbands, and they all talked about the husbands we unmarried ones were going to get. They talked about their children and their housekeeping, and much about the cost of living. Many of them did washing and housework after they reached home at night.

Up to four o'clock I dipped fairly well for a beginner. From four to five I grew steadily worse, and from five to six I spilled chocolate over myself and over the board. All the other girls were doing the same. One night Celia, who stood all day, said, "I wish it was five o'clock." The other girls, realizing for the first time that she too was weary, asked if she were tired. She said "Yes," and she looked it. "I wish they would hurry up and put through that law that only lets us work until five o'clock," she sighed. And we all agreed with her. That night the forelady made all the experienced dippers stay until seven o'clock, Celia with them. The girls at first refused to stay, but the forelady screamed at them, "Youse'll stay every other night until seven; I won't make youse stay 'til ten, but 'til seven youse'll stay; and youse'll work every Saturday until six, from next week on 'til Christmas." "Where," I thought, "are the labor laws and their enforcement in this state?" That last hour was torture for us all. The lights were turned on, the shades were pulled down, and the room grew steadily colder. Only the lash of the forelady's tongue kept us at it. The girls all grumbled and said that five o'clock should be the quitting time. We did not dare watch the time too closely for fear of the forelady. There was no clock in the room, but one of us had a watch. The forelady was a wonder, the girls agreed, "she never misses anything." She was kind, too, in her way, only she did scream at the girls. When the bell rang at six o'clock we had to empty the basin of hot chocolate into the tin tray to harden over night, which took five minutes. Then the hundred girls had to get the thickest of the chocolate off their hands, and with only two sinks it made a mob scene around them. The forelady always scolded at how slow we were (she was as tired as we). "Don't stop to manicure your hands, ladies," she would yell at us. Then we had to take off our aprons and caps, get on our street clothes, and stand in line to ring the time clock. It was always ten minutes past six before we left the factory. They made thirty minutes on the girls' time a day, since we had to be in the room at ten minutes of eight and at ten to one.

I worked all week; I was early every morning; I never worked overtime. That Saturday was the last one o'clock day until after Christmas. On my way home I stopped and asked the price of the candy I had been dipping most of the week. It was a dollar and thirty cents a pound! Celia had told me that a fairly good dipper should dip about fifty pounds a day, or three hundred a week, for the nine dollars. When I reached home I lay down to rest for a few minutes. I smelled abominably of chocolate, my hand was numb, my fingers stiff, my nails a sight and my arm aching. I rolled around for a while trying to sleep, and couldn't. Finally I did sleep. When I woke up it was after ten o'clock. So ended my first week in a candy factory.

ALMA WIESNER.

The French Food Problem

"LONG as a day without bread" is a French proverb, old and venerable as some gray French wall wrinkling along stray hillsides. The significance of the proverb, however, was never so urgently demonstrated as when the war came and people gave pause to recall that France was one of the greatest bread-eating countries in the world, and that under the impact of invasion France's bread supply was disappearing. Bread in France has for decades meant wheat bread, since it has been the custom to feed other cereals almost exclusively to animals. In 1914 the wheat crop fell 12 per cent below the pre-war average. In 1915 and 1916 it was more than 30 per cent short. And in 1917 the harvest figure of 3,900,000 metric tons (143,286,000 bushels), instead of the normal 8,700,000 metric tons (319,638,000 bushels), showed the appalling deficit of 55 per cent. From being approximately self-sufficing in her leading staple food, France had fallen to the position of producing less than half a normal consumption. The gist of the French food problem lies in the import of those few figures.

It is naturally of first-rate importance to know the causes of such a disaster of wheat production. The invasion itself accounts, of course, for a certain proportion of the decrease, since it stripped from France one of the richest agricultural belts. Among the other causes, waiving for the moment consideration of deliberately adopted economic policies, are

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to be remarked chiefly: the regimenting of French manpower along the trench-lines, scarcity of fertilizers, clogging of transportation facilities with military "matériel," and dearth of replacement parts for agricultural machines. The last crop was, in addition, the victim of the bitterly cold winter of 1916-17, for when barge-loads of American wheat froze fast in the canals of Belgium, and while people were dying of cold and exhaustion in Brussels, the future bread supply of France was itself vanishing under the extraordinary frost.

Those same forces which have militated in the case of wheat have diminished, though in smaller proportions, the yields of barley, rye and maize. The damage here has been less grave, however, since these are cereals of comparatively minor importance in France. Maize, particularly, instead of holding the predominating position it does in America, amounts to only one-fifteenth of the wheat crop.

Treated largely as fodder for animals before the war, barley, rye and maize have been gradually incorporated into the breadstuffs of the country, until this year an earnest effort was made by the government to prevent all use of such grains for consumption other than human. Yet had this effort been entirely successful, which was inconceivable, the 1917 harvest of the four cereals combined must still have fallen far short of the pre-war production and consumption of wheat alone. To be sure, a greater proportion of wheat has been milled into flour by raising the extraction from the ordinary 70 per cent or 75 per cent level to 85 per cent. The rate still rests at an average of about 80 per cent throughout the country for wheat of standard quality. But this alone would have been quite insufficient to make good the loss. The deficit between breadstuffs production and the bare consumption necessities of the country could only be reclaimed by importations.

Knowledge of this fact was what made the United States Food Administration insist that "Food Will Win the War." "Blood or Bread" is no idle aphorism in France. Faced with a prospective shortage of more than half her bread supply, France could only look overseas for support. And it was the importation of 2,000,000 odd tons (about 73,480,000 bushels) of wheat and wheat substitutes which permitted—not the restoration of normal consumption—but the bridging over of the gap until harvest. France ate some 6,000,000 tons (about 220,440,000 bushels) of breadstuffs instead of 8,500,000 tons (about 312,290,000 bushels) as before the war. It was not enough, if you will believe the vehement and discursive bricklayer swathed in corduroys and sashed in red. But it was enough to "solder over" the old cereal year to the new one.

In this discussion of breadstuffs, oats have been entirely disregarded. Oats have always been and are still used in France for animal food. Just now that means most particularly as food for cavalry horses. The crop fell 30 per cent from the beginning of the war to 1917, and this year will probably show a further decrease of 1,000,000 tons (68,890,000 bushels). The problem is in reality one not merely of fodder, but of human food as well, since oats must be imported to retrieve the shortage and since any use of tonnage affects food.

Strange as it may seem, in view of the urgent campaign in America to economize wheat, the French official policy during the early years of the war tended to stimulate cereal consumption. This was done by establishing a maximum price for bread at such a figure as to hold it well below the rising market rates of other commodities. The paradox becomes explicable, if not entirely justifiable, when silhouetted against the background of French conditions. It must be thoroughly understood that bread in France is not an adventitious boot-lace to hold the meal together, as in America. Bread is the great staple. Bread is eaten by the poor in hunks and kilograms. With a piece of bacon or slice of cheese, it furnishes the workman a compact, sufficient and balanced diet. Even in well-to-do families bread is consumed in quantities scarcely conceivable to Americans. Bread is the food of foods. The government knew this. While awaiting with anxiety the reaction of the interior populations to the terrible ordeal of war, they considered it imperative, in the interest of social tranquillity and the national defense, that the chief food supply be guaranteed at a reasonable, stationary price. They therefore fixed the price of bread at 45 centimes the kilogram (about 4 cents per pound at par). It has remained at that level during almost the whole of the war, and only of late has been raised slightly, to 50 and 60 centimes (about 4½ and 5 cents per pound).

What the government of the day did not and could not foresee was the prolongation of the war. People spoke and thought in those times of three months; six months was a pessimistic prediction. The lengthening of the months into years, however, brought about an entirely natural but none the less disconcerting interplay of legislative and economic forces. In the important food law of October 16, 1915, the price of wheat was fixed, in some accordance with that of bread, at 30 francs the quintal (about $1.58 per bushel at par). By April, 1917, this price had been raised to 36 francs (about $1.89 per bushel), but was lagging every day farther behind all current costs of material and production. At certain periods it therefore became actually more profitable to cultivate barley and maize than the all-important wheat. This was one more contributing factor to the decrease of wheat production.

On the other hand, measures were adopted to combat the downward trend of cereal production, and the government itself undertook to furnish tractors and implements and to force the cultivation of abandoned lands. On several occasions arrangements had been made to release the older men of the army for agricultural tasks. The forces brought to bear, however, were less powerful than the obstacles to be overcome, and success was achieved only to a limited degree.

The result was, that while bread consumption obtained preferential encouragement and maintained itself at least on a level with the peace-time rate, wheat and breadstuff production showed the alarming decline described above. This situation continued till the middle of 1917. The policy was then reversed in two really important respects:

In the first place, the legal price of wheat was raised to 50 francs the quintal (about $2.63 per bushel). It has since been fixed at 75 francs (about $3.95 per bushel), a rate amply attractive to encourage maximum production. The state bears the heavy loss between cost and sale prices.

The second modification effected a notable economy of bread consumption, not by raising the price of bread to the consumer, but by introducing a system of individual rationing. This system assumed its complete form last April with the establishment of bread tickets and a general 300-gram ration (about 11 ounces) per person per day, supplements and subtractions being provided for special classes. A bread economy of from 30 to 35 per cent is claimed by the French authorities to have been attained. The ration scheme is functioning throughout the greater part of the territory and —despite the testimony of observers of French conditions

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at the Hôtel de Crillon—it is bringing the pressure of reduced consumption to bear on the great mass of the population.

Sugar is the only other article included in the French individual rationing system. As in the case of wheat, the country was practically self-sustaining as to sugar before the war, but production has fallen off enormously, and imports have increased several hundred per cent. The sugar ration is now 500 grams (about 1 pound 1½ ounces) per person per month.

Strangers who come to eat in the excellent restaurants of Paris or the larger provincial cities, and who never penetrate into the common round of everyday French life, leave the country believing frequently that rationing in France is a fiction. Their experience is usually inadequate for the formation of any sound opinion. It is, indeed, still possible to dine sumptuously—and most expensively—in the great restaurants. But that is a sham food surplus. Stand in any bakery any hour of any morning and ask the women as they come to buy their bread what their families eat and what they think of the food situation. Do that in Paris, in Lyons, in Normandy, in Auvergne and in the industrial quarters of Saint-Etienne. The restaurants of the "Grand Boulevards" loom up less conspicuously after those conversations. For any first-hand investigation demonstrates that rationing has achieved its economies and that the food consumption of France has really been appreciably reduced.

Conditions, both economic and climatic, have been so favorable to wheat this year that an increased acreage and an increased yield have undoubtedly resulted in a crop substantially greater than last year's. Exact figures are not yet available, but the total wheat harvest may be put roughly at 5,500,000 tons (202,070,000 bushels). This is, of course, still far below normal. Other cereals, unfortunately, have not fared so well and will in most cases yield crops inferior to those of 1917. Barley and oats have particularly suffered from the dry spring and summer, and their deficits will partially offset the gain in wheat.

Whenever one asks a French peasant or house-manager what people do when bread runs short, the answer is: "Eat potatoes." Potatoes have, indeed, rescued many a meagre day in France. Happily the production last year was fairly good—below normal, it is true, but better than in 1915 or 1916. This season's drought has inflicted great injury and the new crop will be smaller.

Exactly what has happened to French meat production and consumption since the beginning of the war nobody in the world knows, for data is entirely lacking as to the number and weight of animals slaughtered. What is certain is that a marked decrease in herds and flocks has occurred since 1914. Official figures place the diminution of horned cattle during the war at 2,600,000 head. That is, out of 14,788,000 cattle in December, 1913, there remained on December 31, 1917, only 12,188,000—a loss of almost 18 per cent. During the same period sheep diminished 38 per cent: from 16,131,000 to 9,893,000, or more than 6,000,000. The figures for hogs show the greatest percentage of decrease of any—40 per cent. The drop is from 7,036,000 to 4,166,000, and amounts to 2,870,000.

From this reduction in animal numbers it might be assumed that meat consumption has actually been increasing during the war. Such would not appear to be the case. For it must be remarked that almost half the total decrease occurred during the first six months of the war, and that while since the end of 1914 the figures do, indeed, show a downward trend, the rate of loss is by no means comparable with that of the early period. Apparently the sudden inroad into animal stocks was not due at all to an increase of ordinary consumption, but almost entirely to the German invasion, the capture of pasture areas, army demands, and the disorganization and inevitable wastage attendant upon the retreat from Charleroi and the battle of the Marne. It is true that since the ascendency of the munition industries and the rise of industrial money wages in France, increased consumption of meat has occurred at certain times and in certain localities. But if the country as a whole be considered, and if careful account be taken of fodder shortages, diminished weight of animals, questions of exports and imports, army requirements, etc., it is probable, though not demonstrable, that meat consumption has been reduced in France since the war from 15 to 35 per cent.

Government regulations were adopted as early as October, 1915, to restrict the slaughtering of young animals. In 1917 came measures to limit meat consumption, and finally two meatless days per week were established during the summer months of last year. Market returns, however, have shown prices fairly bounding upward to figures two or three times greater than normal. These prices have provoked no small protest from the public, and the government met a popular demand for action of some sort by a revival this summer of meatless days. The new scheme included three meatless days per week instead of two, with some restriction on purchases the day preceding the "lean" period. During the two months' enforcement of the restriction, results seem to have surpassed those of last year. At the same time, the government has fixed maximum prices, which are adjusted from week to week, and which are gradually forcing down the rate to the long-suffering consumer.

One of the most serious features of the cattle situation is that of milk. Cows have fallen off in about the same percentage as cattle in general, which doubtless means a reduction well over 20 per cent in the country's milk supply. The milk shortage touches intimately questions of child-nourishment and tuberculosis, and justifies the desire of the French to avert at all hazards a further loss of milch-cows.

If no further important diminutions occur, most agriculturalists are of the opinion that cattle herds may be restored within five or ten years after the war. Hogs breed rapidly and all losses in that category can be repaired in two or three years. Sheep, on the other hand, were declining in numbers even before the war, and there is little likelihood that as many as 16,000,000 will ever exist again in France, except in the eventuality of some important shifting of economic forces.

This, in a few hasty words, is the French food problem. It is an awkward problem. Had the crops of the western hemisphere failed this year, or had the amiable expectations of von Tirpitz regarding his submarines been realized, it would have proved a very grave problem. But with the harvests on the American side of the Atlantic at high flood, this really difficult problem becomes—just a problem, like any other, something to be solved. The new Inter-Allied Food Council, created during Mr. Hoover's recent stay in London, will attend to the solving. And the solution will be in terms of tonnage—for in these piping days of "liaisons" and "coördinations," food and tonnage hold together "as the sardine sticks to the oil." Which is another French proverb, though perhaps not so old as the first one.

J. L. S.

Paris.

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VERSE

To Children

Invitation

Arvia, east of the morning,
Before the daylight grayed,
I heard a night song's warning:
"This bubble-world shall fade."

"The daytime with its fire-flower,"
It sang, "shall fail and stray;
And Beauty, like a brier-flower,
Shall pass—shall pass away."

Then soon the faint and far light
Would fade beyond a beam
And we'd lie down without starlight
And there would be no dream.

But now, when the noon is bluest,
Like a shell that murmurs all,
I see this world is the truest
Of any I recall.

The sky's wild birds are glancing,
The sea's long waves are slow;
It's all a place for dancing
But no one seems to know.

Come with me to the meadows,
We'll dance your secret name
With an outside dance in shadows
And an inside dance in flame.

The songs and the wings have slanted
And blow with a golden sound;
Life burns like a peak enchanted,
Oh wild, enchanted, crowned.

All day, while songs from the height fall,
We'll dance the valleys bright,
But we'll be on the hills at nightfall
In the lovely, lonely light.

Let's play we are a tune
And make a kind of song
About the sun and moon
Before the stars were born.
You be the breath, I'll be the horn,
It will not take us long.

Jean Singing

Lavender's blue in the garden,
Lavender's bright.
When I am blind, my Beloved,
You shall have sight.

I shall be dust in the garden,
Deep from the storm.
You shall be shining still then,
You shall be warm.

When I am hidden in shadow
Under the years,
Call to me, tell me of all things
Here among tears.

I shall remember the glory
Filling this place,
The firebird calling through the rainbow:
"Lift up your face."

I shall remember how Beauty
Over Death, over Birth,
Bridges a streaming music
Here on the earth.

Only if wounds and the sorrow
Made by men's hands
Still should outdeepen the waters,
Darken the lands,

Even though day should recall me
Then to its gleam,
I shall remember and turn me
Back to my dream.

RIDGELY TORRENCE.

Premonition

The trees have never seemed so green
Since I remember,
As in these groves and gardens of September,
Although already comes the chill
That bodes the world's last garden ill,
And in the shadow I have seen
A spectre, even thine,
O Vandal, O November.

The wind leaps up with sudden screams
In gusts of chaff.
Two boys with blowing hair listen and laugh.
We hear the same wind, they and I,
Under the dark autumnal sky;
It blows strange music through their dreams.
Keenly it blows through mine,
Singing their epitaph.

ROBERT HILLYER.

Air-Raids

But most of all I count it strange
The moon should suffer such a change—
The moon that once from vast gray spaces
On fields and towns and woodland places
Would pour its silvered peace, now brings
Only the threat of whirring wings,
And deeds of horror and affright
Made easy by that quiet light.

I know the sea's blue mirror masks
Lewd monsters at inhuman tasks,
But who has ever thought the sea
A friend? the fair, unfathomed sea!
But, ah, the moon has always blessed
Our restless hearts with dreams of rest;
And who now living will forget
These nights when moonlight was a threat?

ALICE DUER MILLER.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The South and Self-Determination

SIR: I thank you for publishing my letter on The South and Self-Determination. Its main purpose was to deprecate remarks connecting the South with Germany. When thousands of young southern men were fighting for the flag in France there was no necessity, it seemed to me, of likening their fathers and grandfathers to the hateful Germans in any particular.

But do you state the facts in 1861 correctly? Here was a confederacy more extensive than Germany and Austria combined and more populous than many independent nations. It had a constitution and an organized government. It wanted no war and asked for independence only. It sent delegates to Washington with offers to adjust equitably the national debt and all other common interests. Lincoln declined to see them, and, after a month of indecision, sent an armed squadron to Fort Sumter. Five out of seven of his Cabinet disapproved and declared that the act would provoke hostilities. It did, and for four years a doubtful war raged, and even Lincoln said, in 1864, that without the 150,000 negro troops from the South's own population "We would have to abandon the war in three weeks." Assuredly, then, if self-determination is dependent upon power, if indeed it contemplates government based upon consent, as voiced by the American Declaration of Independence and President Wilson, there can be no question that the North infringed upon the natural rights of the South.

But your opinion is that self-determination applies only to cases having "liberal and humane purposes." I do not know that this limitation gets us anywhere practically. To amount to anything self-determination must have the precise meaning of power and consent, and the right of its own assertion. Mere "purposes" are too vague; but, accepting your limitation, I deny that to fight for independence because of intolerable circumstances has anything in it illiberal and inhumane. Now how was it with the southern states in secession? There was a clear distinction between constitutional rights and slavery. No doubt, in regard to the western territory, the matter of carrying slaves thither appealed to many slave owners, but this purpose became lost in the great and controlling idea of the southern people. That idea was their constitutional rights, in regard to which they differed from Lincoln and the Republican party only in the application. Under his own view of respecting slavery in the states Lincoln, if President in 1859, would have had to fight John Brown, and in doing so he would have fought not for slavery but for the constitutional rights of Virginia. Several things confirm the view I have taken of the territories. First, very little of the soil was adapted to slave labor, and, second, the Southerners resented restrictions upon Oregon and Utah, where no cotton could be grown advantageously, as much as upon the part adapted to its existence. But there was a third thing which put the motive beyond dispute, and that was secession itself. By this act South Carolina voluntarily surrendered all her chances for extension of slavery in the territories.

And now comes your most astonishing statement. Though South Carolina by her secession conceded just what the Republicans wanted in the territories, you construe its action as an attack. "In fighting to prevent secession, the northern democracy was defending itself against attack." I confess that this reasoning is obscure to me, but it is not more obscure than your remark that no one recognized what the real issue of the war was for two years until Lincoln defined it as the safeguarding of democracy. But when did Lincoln ever make the abolition of slavery the issue? His Proclamation of Emancipation, like Dunmore's in 1775, was a war measure, and as late as August, 1864, Lincoln declared that "so long as I am President it (the war) shall be carried on for the sole purpose of restoring the Union."

Lincoln's eloquent Gettysburg speech, November 10, 1863, contained only ideas expressed before by others a thousand times in connection with the old Union of free and slave states, and it had no necessary connection with the abolition of slavery. Had not the orators, both northern and southern, on every Fourth of July since 1783, despite the slavery of the negroes, lauded the Union, as Lincoln did at Gettysburg, as the favored land of liberty and democracy?

But the question of the territories was, after all, only incidental to the fundamental fact. Down to 1861 the Union was the precarious connection of two really distinct nations. During all this time the South deemed itself the victim of northern profiteering, and on more than one occasion dissolution was imminent. Animosities existed not inferior to those between Austrians and Czechs, and both Seward and Lincoln spoke of the "irrepressible conflict." To such a union of strife and hatred, secession seemed the only peaceful alternative, which, while it divided the Union, neither extended nor perpetuated slavery. If the institution was recognized in the seceding states, this was no more than what the Republicans and Lincoln were committed to in the states of the Union; and, as the North had abolished slavery, why was it not possible for the South to do the like? At no time would the South have bargained independence for the money value of slaves, and Lincoln's suggestion to Congress to that effect was received as an insult. It is well known that in 1864 Davis sent Duncan F. Kenner to France and England to propose abolition in return for recognition. That the great "democracy" of the North, with its far greater wealth and population, had anything to fear from an independent and weaker South appears a rather far-fetched compliment.

That an analogy exists between the German political ambitions and the exploitation of the South by the protective tariff you admit, but you deny that "the North waged the war [against the South] with any such purpose remotely in mind." Can you then forget the menacing part played by the tariff in 1833? And how about the Morrill fifty per cent tariff passed in the presence of the Confederate tariff of ten per cent? The question asked by Lincoln of Colonel John B. Baldwin, who urged him not to send the troops to Fort Sumter, was "What will become of my tariff?"

Indeed, might you not have searched nearer home for analogies? In 1861 conditions among the laboring people in stores, factories, mines and tenements in the North were deplorable. In them men, women and children experienced sufferings unknown to the slaves of the South—overcrowding, immoral surroundings, long hours of work, bad sanitary conditions, starvation wages. After all has been said, the slave-owners did not compare in social and political power with the capitalistic barons, who by their autocratic heartlessness have now prepared the way for the red flag. Slavery was wrong, but its administration in the South was admittedly mild and humane.

During the war the northern government had even a closer analogy to Germany. Lincoln, in his use of unau-

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thorized power, was far more autocratic than Jefferson Davis, and the course of Hunter and Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia and Sherman in Georgia has a very strong likeness to the performances of von Hindenburg and Ludendorff. I pass by what occurred after the war, reconstruction, military rule, etc., for you admit the analogy there to the extent, at least, of the merciless exploitation of the South by the North's industrial capitalists.

But, you say, if the North had been really engaged in violently suppressing any valid right of self-determination, "the South would have remained an irreconcilable conquered province." This by no means follows. The British government violently suppressed a valid right of the Boers in South Africa. So we thought in the United States at the time, and yet the great majority of the Boers, like the South, have loyally supported the present ruling government. It does not follow that a right was not a valid one because, with changed conditions, it has fallen into desuetude. Besides the natural disposition to make the best of circumstances, the federal patronage has been potent in restoring Union sentiment. Add to this the cessation of all direct northern interference, and now the public affirmation by this government and by the world of the doctrine of self-determination.

LYON G. TYLER.

Williamsburg, Virginia.

A Seditious Hero

SIR: What can be done about Lieut. Col. Whittlesey? You may recall the Colonel. At least, you should. He is the same memorable soldier who, when his "lost battalion" was surrounded in the Argonne and when called on to surrender, sent back the answer which thrilled all America. At a recent peace jubilee the Colonel followed Secretary of the Treasury William G. McAdoo and, after paying a tribute to the cleanly spirit of our common soldiers, uttered these astonishing sentences: (This is from the New York Times verbatim report.)

> "Our men are not going to come back hating the Germans," he declared. "No man who has been in the line facing the Germans will bear any malice toward them. I know if any American infantryman met the Kaiser on the road he would be willing to share his hardtack with him. This is not a false sentiment."

What, I ask again, are we going to do about Lieut. Col. Whittlesey? Should he be lynched? Should we deprive him of the power of free speech and free assembly? Should we deny him the use of the mails? Or should we merely sentence him to one year in Atlanta for the dissemination of seditious remarks?

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

New York City.

In Mooney's Defense

SIR: In your issue of November 30th you say that "throughout the working class of America the impression prevails that the animus behind the Mooney conviction was political; that Mooney was convicted because he was a labor leader." May I remind you that this was also the opinion of the federal commission, *composed alike of representatives of labor and of capital,* which visited San Francisco and made careful investigation of the case?

The Hon. Bourke Cockran, of New York, although not connected with the organized labor movement, read the transcript of the Billings trial, and unhesitatingly announced that Billings was the victim of a crude and brutal conspiracy. Thereupon Mr. Cockran devoted his talents, without a fee—not to the service of the labor movement, but to the discouragement of assassination by perjury.

The New Republic leaves to the determination of Governor Stephens of California the question of whether sufficient evidence stands in the case, perjury discounted, to justify the carrying out of the sentence against Thomas Mooney. Have the acquittals of Rena Mooney and Israel Weinberg left any room for doubt that Mooney was "convicted" by perjury and jury-packing? Against these co-defendants was presented all the "evidence" that was brought forward against Mooney—minus the story of Oxman, of Oregon. Let me say here that no sane person in San Francisco familiar with conditions on lower Market Street on the day of the bomb catastrophe ever gave credence to Oxman's tale about the marvelous "jitney" bus which drove through the midst of a parade, in defiance of police officers, down a heavily policed street, without being halted and the well known (supposed) occupants observed and subsequently identified by somebody besides Oxman, the stranger from Oregon. The general query here, when Oxman testified, was—What has Fickert "got on" Oxman, to compel him to commit perjury?

One other point: Why should the present Governor of California be considered an impartial arbiter in what is unquestionably a bitter war between the Chamber of Commerce anti-union element and the labor unions? William D. Stephens is ex-president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. He had the enthusiastic support of the most reactionary element of San Francisco. While assuming to leave the Mooney case out of politics, he yet came out, a few days before election, with a direct attack upon Mooney. Stephens made oath that his expenses for re-election were not one cent—and the billboards throughout the state were plastered with expensive posters urging his candidacy!

Why was Mooney denied a fair trial? The answer is unavoidable. There were no witnesses left against him. Estelle Smith and her mother have confessed; the Edeaus are discredited; John McDonald, the drug-user, changed his testimony in the Weinberg trial, and again placed Mooney at Stewart and Market streets at two o'clock, thus contradicting Oxman and conflicting with the photographs showing Mooney on the Eilers building at two minutes to two. It would not be possible, even with the use of a balloon, as suggested by Mr. Fickert's aide, Cunha, to get the Mooneys back to the roof of the studio building two minutes before they left a spot nearly a mile down the street.

The reason why the Mooney case is not reopened is that the prosecution dares not face a trial where an aroused public opinion will no longer permit wholesale perjury.

LOUISA DANA HARDING.

San Francisco, California.

Mr. Symons Corrected

SIR: I note in your issue of December 7 that Mr. Arthur Symons refers to George Meredith's Beau Beamish as a "modern interpretation of Beau Brummell." He is, as a matter of fact, an "interpretation" of a somewhat earlier English dandy, and, if I remember correctly, the incident which suggested Meredith's admirable Tale of Chloe may be found in Oliver Goldsmith's Life of Beau Nash (1762).

WM. ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

Washington, D. C.

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Books and Things

NO man knows what freedom means who has not analyzed the spirit of Washington, D. C. It is an unpalpable and elusive thing, rather felt in a hundred baffling experiences than easily to be expressed in the stiff framework of a definition. You come to it, perhaps, as a university professor, anxious to add a little of the stuff of fact to the simple structure of the common text-books. Or you are a business man, irritated by a fruitless correspondence with men who are anxious less to understand than to traverse your point of view. In either case, Washington takes you in its myriad arms and destroys you by its many-sided and labyrinthine texture.

You come at first upon the departments, housed in every sort of building, from the vast grayness of the Treasury to the crumbling plaster of the War Labor Policies Board. But each is dominated by the eager determination to assert its own personality. It will have its own rules, its own filing systems, its own special method of hierarchical control. Each will believe that it has its own information, too private to be revealed to its fellows. Each will insist that the road to anarchy lies through frankness. Each is convinced that every other department has no place within the life constructed by its traditions. You search in vain for unity of purpose; government nowhere seeks nor displays it. Somewhere in the White House sits one whose business is to weave these myriad and tangled threads into a single skein, but what is called the process of administration is the denial of the Presidential purpose. Nothing in the world is easier than to apply a policy so that its content reverses the effort towards which it moves.

You have been doubtless taught that government exists for the benefit of the governed, and, like every good citizen, you expect that every effort will be made to give you understanding of its mechanisms. You are rapidly undeceived. You go to see Captain Blank, whom you knew as a professor at Harvard, a kindly man much given to talk and dinners, but he has been captured by Military Intelligence and his soul has been transformed. You wait for an hour in a reception room until your card can reach him. A messenger brings you hope just when the engraving of the Merrimac in action has finally begun to lose its charm. But the Captain is not yet yours. You have only attained the second floor and a map of Europe. You think of going; but the Captain has your pass and you are his helpless victim till he thinks fit to secure your release. At last he comes; and the easy warmth you knew has given place to a stiff courtesy which only with difficulty conceals his suspicion of the motives of your visit. You want to see the department, but he explains the vital need of secrecy lest its shape and size be communicated to the enemy. He could tell you things; but the civilian's morale must be preserved, and you are left to imagine the vast torments he has endured for your sake. He asks bored questions after home. Stands Harvard where it did? Or did Joe Gerrans get his contract? Then he remembers an appointment, and his mystic name upon your pass gives you once more the freedom of the streets.

Still you have noticed things. There are many rooms and many young women there. They have three difficult tasks according to their kind. Some are making digests of material that a lawyer or an ex-business man (temporarily turned patriot) will turn at leisure into that mystery of mysteries, a government memorandum. Others are stenographers—perhaps today the most essential factor in administration; for your official must do his thinking through a lady's delicate hands. The third type is an infinitely superior being. She is a college girl who knew the temporary patriot in his home town; and as he liked her father (perhaps also the way the sun caught the glint of her hair), she may write sub-under-memoranda, that he will presently weave into the real thing. All of them are infinitely busy, and every moment a little group will form in a corner to settle some vital policy, such as change in the position of typewriters or the need of an extra stenographer.

You rapidly learn the rules of this new religion. Secretaries and chief clerks have mahogany desks; to the others is relegated the humbler walnut. Secretaries alone have carpets, and they answer the telephone only after the stenographer has had speech. Each has her allotted task, nor must you suggest its diversification. A stenographer will not tie a parcel, and to her who digests the end of life is brevity. Our lady of the sub-vice-memorandum holds both in a high disdain. She knows that she plants the tiny acorn of the policy which may one day be a mighty oak.

But the highest of all—perhaps because the humblest—is the stenographer. She opens the letters of the mighty one. She keeps his check-book and tells him how much money he may spend. She tells him whom he may see and finds the telephone numbers of the friends who want to tell him the latest gossip. She hears the interviews when they who come to weep remain to curse. She arches her eyebrows when he stumbles over a fact and chains him to her by rendering his brain inactive by her own energy.

There are men, of course, in Washington, but they are of minor importance. They merely organize the offices; for women in government are democratic and will not suffer the servility of subordination. The men are there only to dictate, to suggest analyses for digesting and subjects for memoranda. There are other men, sometimes on boards, sometimes in private interviews, in order that reports of their conversation may be stenographically retained. They seek information from other departments as the basis for new memoranda. They hurriedly set on foot belated investigations in order that they may borrow a score of girls from other departments for its more rapid completion. They send telegrams where they should write letters and address conferences where they should read books. Always their desk is full of newly sharpened pencils and the pens are new. At five o'clock they sign the letters they are compelled in sadness to dictate; and sadly they wander home to complain of the hard and endless day.

Some day a great psychologist will tell us the secret of officialism and why it stunts the soul. He will tell of the pain of routine and point out the roads that lie to freshness of thought. He will explain why, in every department, in some large back-room, there sits a head official who has to wait until the last clerk has gone home before he can press his hands to his eyes and beg of his mind that carefree speculation that he lost on the attainment of power. He will analyze the poison of secrecy and dissolve the vast bubbles of tradition. He will teach us that truth is in the crowds and not in the filed clippings of an office. He will deny the rightness of a system which makes of girlhood a man in skirts and of the salesman an annotation upon the margins of memoranda. The technique of government should be the technique of friendship. It demands openness, receptivity, the research into the dreams of humble man. A colossal edifice of clerks and teachers will never wrest from happiness its secret. That is why, as Shelley said, the poets, in their trumpet-call to battle, have been in the end the legislators of the world.

H. J. L.

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Clive Bell

Pot-Boilers, by Clive Bell. London: Chatto & Windus.
Art, by Clive Bell. New York: F. A. Stokes & Co.

IT is poor business to review an English publication in an American weekly. The bald fact that the book is not put on the American market is an argument against the probability of a lively interest in it; and if the review arouses interest it must take many weeks before the copy that may assuage interest can be procured. But the fine quality of Mr. Clive Bell offsets the practical objection to reviewing Pot-Boilers. Good criticism is rare, he is better than a good critic, and the few who care about criticism will know what this means. Meanwhile, Art, published in the United States in 1914, is right at hand to prove how good Mr. Clive Bell really is. No one who wants to read Pot-Boilers and who has failed to read Art need remain parched for want of a draught of Mr. Bell.

The thing that distinguished Art, curiously enough, was its keen argument in favor of aesthetic experience rather than vivid evidence of aesthetic experience itself. Mr. Bell came forward with a definition of art which had the great advantage of being honest, and he supported this definition in a manner at first almost offensively bright but developed before the end into a style persuasive as it was illuminating. The stridency of his first chapters might have turned out to be that snappishness which marks Mr. George Jean Nathan as a terrier in the house of art. But it was really the stridency of a splendid impatience, an impatience which had better reasons than those of self for advertising points of difference. Mr. Bell's points of difference ceased to be irritating the moment they ceased to seem irritable. That is, when they composed into a point of view. The merits of that point of view cannot be estimated by an outsider like myself, especially when Velasquez and Hals are swept away with a broad gesture and when the whole renaissance is discounted as more than a little putrescent. But whatever the soundness or caprice of Mr. Bell's specific judgments, the theory he bases on those judgments does everything to free the soul of man at home with masterpieces. Without pose, it gives to the aesthetic emotion a temple whose roof is fretted with the very stars that shone over Bethlehem. A masterpiece to Mr. Bell is a particular out of the universal which religion has no more to say about than art. In the passionate apprehension of form, "significant form," and in its manifestations in art—whether pictures or pots or carpets or houses—Mr. Bell believes there is something altogether beyond the criticism of life. There is a communication of ecstasy which means that ordinary experience has been transcended and a deeper experience, an ultimate experience, realized. These, in the language of Mr. Bell, are big words. I am not quite sure what they mean. But no one who enjoys paintings and pots and statuettes and rugs can help being stirred by them and having intimations because of them.

One point about Pot-Boilers is its exemplification of Mr. Bell's philosophy. He really does care for art as an end in itself, an end much more important than life; and the kind of artists he cares about in letters as well as painting are the fellows who took art supremely seriously. Art, not themselves. He isn't fooled by that kind of brightness which he himself possesses. His essay on Peacock is, I imagine, excellently just, and the pendant to it is an exquisite bit of portraiture. "His tragedy is not that he was lonely, but that he preferred to be so. He retired with a handsome pension to a sheltered life at Halliford. The jolly old pagan, the scholar, and the caustic satirist were still alive in him. He wrote 'Gryll Grange.' He packed poor Robert Buchanan out of the house for smoking in it. He terrified a meek curate, who came to persuade him to leave his burning home by shouting at him, 'By the immortal Gods I will not move.' He carried on a desultory correspondence with Lord Broughton, full of literary humor and literary sentiment. He practised small benevolences and small tyrannies, liked to see smiling faces about him, and declined to believe seriously in the unhappiness of others. He was a thoroughly good-natured, selfish old man." This is judgment beautifully proportioned, and the proportions come out all the better when he writes his depreciation of Carlyle and his appreciation of Ibsen.

It is true, as he hints, that his volume has puerilities and affectations. The affectations are sometimes verbal. "Precisely opposite is the case of Miss Mary Coleridge's poems: they, when in 1908 Mr. Elkin Mathews produced a more or less complete edition, excited us, not because, as verse, they were particularly good, but because they discovered, or seemed to discover, an attractive character." This is prose on high heels.

The puerilities are equally stylish and equally trivial. They consist as a rule in collegiate tricks of sententiousness and bric-à-brac cleverness. The social reformer is not, after all, so egregious as the aesthete requires him to be, nor are George Moore and Kipling and H. G. Wells such aesthetic cockroaches. But before Ibsen or Cézanne Mr. Bell forgets to cavil. "Ibsen took nothing for granted. He saw little on the surface of life that corresponded with reality; but he did not cease to believe in reality. That was where he differed both from the Philistines and from the elect. He saw that the universe was something very different from what it was generally supposed to be: he saw the futility of popular morals and popular metaphysics; but he neither swallowed the conventions nor threw up his hands in despair, declaring the whole thing to be an idiotic farce. He knew that truth and goodness had nothing to do with law and custom; but he never doubted that there were such things; and he went beneath the surface to find them." Truth and goodness are big words, too. But Mr. Bell is true and good about Ibsen: "Ibsen's social and political ideas follow necessarily from the nature of his art. He knew too much about the depths of character to suppose that people could be improved from without. He agreed with our grandmothers that what men need are new hearts. It is good feeling that makes good men, and the sole check on bad feeling is conscience. Laws, customs, and social conventions he regarded as ineffectual means to good. There is no virtue in one who is restrained from evil by fear. He went further: he regarded external restraints as means to bad, since they come between a man and his conscience and blunt the moral sense. 'So long as I keep to the rules,' says the smug citizen, 'I am of the righteous.' Ibsen loathed the State, with its negative virtues, its mean standards, its mediocrity, and its spiritual squalor. He was a passionate individualist."

This review appeared in the Athenaeum in 1912. The last three essays in the book, on art, appeared in 1917, and they are much freer and more slashing performances. The attack on contemporary art in England, from the Burlington Magazine, is just as good as polemical journalism can be. It has none of that timid early-spring quality, that tender touching green, which is to be detected in the

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austere articles on Carlyle and Morris and Montaigne. But it hasn't become loose-lipped, like a worn rose late in the evening of its life. It is firm expression for all its happy ferocity. He has his say about the painters and the critics and the pundits, and before he gets through you can't see the green for the wigs on it. With Cézanne and Matisse and Gauguin and Picasso to hold before English painters, he points to their own achievements and gives tongue. And the critics: they "provide an artistic education comparable with the historical education provided by our board-schools. People who have been brought up to believe that the history of England is the history of Europe—that it is a tale of unbroken victory, leadership, and power—feel, when they hear of the ascendancy of France or of the House of Austria or of the comparative insignificance of England till the dawn of the eighteenth century, angry first and then incredulous. So they give themselves the least possible chance of hearing such unpalatable nonsense by living snugly in the slums and suburbs, where, persuaded that they have nothing to learn from damned foreigners, they continue to entertain each other with scraps of local and personal gossip. That is what our art criticism sounds like to cultivated people from abroad."

It would be wrong, however, to leave the impression that Abroad is Mr. Bell's synonym for the place where good Anglo-Saxons go before they die. Hear him on le faux bon. "And what is 'le faux bon'? It is something exceedingly difficult to produce. We do not wish to belittle it; we wish to make plain its nature. . . The plays of Mr. Stephen Phillips are classical examples of the 'faux bon,' and, to remove a suspicion of disparagement, we hasten to add that the plays of M. Rostand and Fitz Gerald's paraphrase of Omar are examples too. The brilliant and entertaining pictures of Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Orpen serve our purpose even better, so closely do they resemble the first-rate. And now in this, the latest art, the new art of the theatre, come M. Bakst with his Scheherazade, and Prof. Reinhardt with Sumurun and The Miracle, levying contribution on all the others, culling from them all those features that people of taste expect and recognize in a work of art."

This is not merely neat-handed, it is right-hearted. It comes from a man who knows aesthetic emotion when he has it. It hints a little that Mr. Bell is censorious. He is censorious. He is a strenuous missionary of aesthetic righteousness rather than a serene exemplar of it. But the excitement is honest and personal. It communicates aesthetic excitement. It teaches the Anglo-Saxon to pray with Granny Maumee: "My eyes will yit behold!"

F. H.

Amy Lowell

Can Grande's Castle, by Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

TO understand the multiple activities of Miss Amy Lowell one must understand at least two of the American qualities that lie at the roots of her diverse energies. I refer to the national zest for argument and the even more national love of experiment. Both are salient characteristics of our youth. But where the former is a sort of spasmodic exercise, an enjoyment of intellectual athletics, the latter is nothing less than a vast and sometimes devastating passion. Our country has always had a prodigious appetite for new formulas, panaceas and programmes that it has discarded almost immediately for newer ones; no nation has ever experimented in so many fields at once. Our sudden and short-lived enthusiasms would make a staggering list; they attempt queer blends of religions, sciences, politics. They embrace, with a prodigal desire, all traditions and a hundred contradictory novelties that range all the way from Mormonism to osteopathy, from the anti-vivisection campaigns to the Down-with-Beethoven furore, from the Emmanuel Movement to the Mann act.

And yet our lust for novelty springs from an insatiable curiosity that is our most vital sign of growth. From this hunger has sprung our inventiveness; the same experimental impulse that made possible the spread of Christian Science, gave us steam navigation, the phonograph, the telephone, the electric lamp, the aeroplane.

This eager and national restlessness is what underlies Miss Lowell's surprising versatility; it accounts for her preoccupation with technique, color, form and the surfaces of her art. It explains why so definitely American a poet could write so sympathetic and authoritative a volume on foreign tendencies as her Six French Poets. It is a subjugation of prejudices that makes such a book not only a notable interpretation but a contribution to criticism. "A critic," Mr. Huneker has written, "can never be a catholic critic of his native literature or art if he does not know the literatures and arts of other lands. . . . Because of our uncritical parochialism, America is comparable to a cemetery of clichés." The truth of this last epigram is questionable today—and no one more than Miss Lowell has helped to sweep out the mounds of rubber stamps, the accumulation of clichés, and to turn our literary grave-yards into living places. She has fought the poetic cant-words, the stereotyped expressions, with a vigor that is seemingly inexhaustible. Scorn, savage diatribes, ridicule and opponents cannot cripple her; she seems to feed on them. Momentarily downed, she comes up smiling, fresh for the attack, with a larger assortment of high-power expletives than before. A female Roosevelt among the Parnassians.

This brings me to a reconsideration of that argumentative and pugnacious quality which Miss Lowell so strikingly represents. This phase is more obvious in her public pronouncements, her lectures and her prefaces than in her poetry. She invites, even incites, combat. But her creative work is no less a direct challenge to the lazily sentimental reader, to the unquestioning writer, to the placid purveyors of predigested verse.

It was as propagandist as well as poet that Miss Lowell disclosed herself, after a rather jejune first volume, in Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds. Here one perceived several unusual features—the poet's sensitive femininity expressing itself with a decidedly masculine vigor, her range and dexterity, her technical adroitness and her experimental proclivities. In the following volume these qualities, particularly the last one, were intensified. Her interest in form became almost a passion with her. After having sounded the restricted notes in the Imagist scale, she took up the rôle of experimenter with renewed zest. Her chief affection seemed to be for the elastic form of "polyphonic prose," which Miss Lowell, with her eager adaptability, adopted from the French. In Men, Women and Ghosts there were half a dozen instances where the poems changed abruptly from narrative to rhapsodies, from rhapsodies to studies in aesthetics, from bits of decorations back to narratives, with a kaleidoscopic swiftness.

In her most recent volume, Can Grande's Castle, the teller of stories, the artist and the experimenter are finally fused. Possibly the strangest thing about this energetic book

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is that it actually is taken from other books. Even the title is borrowed. And yet the use of another poet's phrase explains not only itself but the volume it prefaces. In Richard Aldington's At the British Museum are these lines:

I turn the page and read . . .
. . . . . .
The heavy air, the black desks
Vanish . . .
And
The sun hangs in the cobalt-blue sky,
The boat drifts over the lake shallows,
The fishes swim like umber shades through the undulating weeds
And the swallows dive and whistle
About the cleft battlements of Can Grande's Castle

By using Aldington's phrase as her title, Miss Lowell lets us understand that the contents of her new volume are the result of what she has read. But in the writing her reading becomes real; her creative excitement makes what she has got from the pages of history books far livelier than her life. It is obvious that she could not possibly have experienced these things. Their vividness is due to the fact that, thrown back into the past either by the war (as Miss Lowell claims) or, as is more probable, by a subconscious search for fresh material, an artist has taken a list of dates, battles, proper names, together with Rand McNally's Geography, and vitalized them. It is her objective and dramatic sense that makes Miss Lowell so acute an interpreter and so delicate a recorder of the minutiae of her themes.

Can Grande's Castle is composed of four long semi-declamatory, semi-narrative poems—all in "polyphonic prose." Concerning this form Miss Lowell has written an extremely interesting digression in her preface, interesting from the speculative as well as the technical side. A glance at these four poems bears her out; they show not only how far she has gone from the original innovation of Paul Fort (an innovation which consisted, for the greater part, of regular prose passages alternating with regular rhymed ones), but how greatly she has progressed beyond her own previous efforts in this mode. Now, with its many changes of rhythm and subtleties of rhyme, it is practically a new form; dignified, orchestral, flexible. It is a form of almost infinite possibilities; it can run the gamut of tempi and dynamics on one page; it can combine the thunder of great oratory with the roll of blank verse and the low flutes of a lyric. If Miss Lowell has done nothing else, she has enriched our literature with a new and variable medium of expression.

The four new poems are themselves variable in interest. Hedge Island, the least important of the quartet, is a resetting of the coaching period in England. Sea-Blue and Blood-Red is a picturesque, accurate and sometimes over-precise and prolix re-telling of Lord Nelson's battles. But the other two touch surprising heights; they approximate greatness. The Bronze Horses has a larger sweep than Miss Lowell has ever attempted; she achieves here an amazing sense of time and magnitude. Yet, splendid as this poem is, it is surpassed by Guns as Keys, and the Great Gate Swings, which is the high-water mark of the volume. In its passages Miss Lowell has combined "polyphonic prose" at its best with unrhymed vers libre so skillfully that the most sceptical literary conservative can see how easily this form lends itself to new and unsuspected musical variations. This is the opening paragraph:

Due East, far West. Distant as the nests of the opposite winds. Removed as fire and water are, as the clouds and the roots of the hills, as the wills of youth and age. Let the key-guns be mounted, make a brave show of waging war, and pry off the lid of Pandora's box once more. Get in at any cost, and let out a little, so it seems. But wait—wait—there is much to follow through the Great Gate!

These poems justify the experimenter. It is plain that Miss Lowell's range is the most obvious of her gifts. But she can strike single notes as sharply as she sounds the more tentative chords. It will be found, I believe, that beneath her vigor and versatility she is expressing the poet that is half singer, half scientist and the groping, assimilative period she represents.

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Paved With Good Intentions

England's Debt to India, by Lajpat Rai. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.00.

ENGLAND means well by India. She acknowledges, and regrets, the wrongs wreaked upon the people of India in the cruel and crafty days of the old East India Company. But it was Englishmen who exposed those wrongs, tried some of the chief perpetrators and in the end disestablished the company for its iniquities. Since the crown took over the government of India have its peoples not enjoyed the blessings of peace? Have the British not refrained from monopolizing the trade of India, as other colonizing Powers would have done, to the profit of their nationals and the oppression of the natives? Have not the British introduced honest courts and efficient famine relief? Have they not built thousands of miles of railways and

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extensive irrigation works? All this they have indeed done; and, while the British conscience recognizes that there must be more to be done yet, it is somewhat eased of the memory of Clive and Warren Hastings and their whole tribe of devourers of the substance of peoples. Now, at any rate, India as a whole is happier and more prosperous than she would have been if no Englishman had ever landed on her soil. So the great majority of Englishmen, and for that matter of white men of all races, believe.

For a native of India to challenge this comforting belief, at the particular time when the British imperial system was fighting for its life, is a bold procedure. Criticism of British imperialism is too easily identified with pro-Germanism. This is the reason why Mr. Lajpat has made up his book chiefly of excerpts from British authorities. He is not one of those fanatics who believe that anything, even German rule, would be preferable to the British rule as it exists today. But he does not believe that the best ruling race in the world can rule disinterestedly. A ruling race must protect itself against the designing elements it contains by the most generous practicable grant of autonomy to the subject races. Autonomy is necessary as a guaranty also against acts that are not selfish in intent yet disregard the condition of the subject race and work untold hardships upon it. Would a really autonomous India have voted a gift of £100,000,000 to the British war chest as the British government of India did? Perhaps; but an autonomous government would have understood better that such a gift, insignificant as it appears among the colossal items of war finance, represented a tremendous burden upon India's poverty. One hundred millions sterling is one-sixth of India's national income. A correspondingly munificent gift from the United States would be seven billions of dollars, and the war concerns us more nearly than it does India. But this is to miss the point. We could give $7,000,000,000 several times over with less sacrifice than £100,000,000 cost India.

India is England's debtor for several generations of peace. But what does England owe India? This is the kernel of the author's inquiry. When the British first went to India they found a country that was populous, rich and civilized, to judge from the accounts of travelers of every nationality, as well as of the early plunderers themselves. The essential element in India's life was the village community, which fed itself and provided reserves against famine, produced many manufactures of surpassing delicacy and beauty, administered justice according to its own ideals and was happy, to judge from that best of all criteria, the gentleness and charity of its members in their mutual personal relations. Above were great rajahs and nabobs surrounded by bejewelled satellites who had to be maintained out of the produce of the village communities. They took tribute, moderately, but did little other mischief, and the village community had hardly more than a romantic interest in the frequent palace revolutions that robbed one sybaritic despot of his head and vested another with the robes of state. There was a thriving trade, a highly developed mercantile marine and all the other external evidences of an economic condition at least as advanced as that of contemporary Europe. Came the English with superior weapons and craft, and the wealth of India began to set in a steady flow toward the Occident. We think of England's greatness as founded upon industry. Whence came the capital that first set England up as the workshop of the world? Why, out of the Hindu hoards, according to Lajpat Rai, and this is the first item in England's debt to India.

Seventeenth century India was the world's chief center of manufacture of the finer textiles. Contemporary writers never weary of describing the marvelous Indian cottons and linens, like diaphanous mist dyed with the rainbow. What did England do with this industry? First, she discouraged its growth by excessive imposts upon exports to England; later she killed it by flooding the Indian market with the products of the British mills, at prices the skilled hands of India could not meet. What did England do with the skill of the Hindu shipwrights, famed since before the time of Solomon and Homer? First, she repressed it by engrossing most of the carrying trade; then killed it by the competition of steamships. Little by little the industrial structure of England, raised largely upon the capital extorted from India, pressed the Hindu population out of their rich and diversified industrial life into an almost absolute dependence upon agriculture, which yields food or famine, according to the monsoons. In vain the Hindu economist supplicated for the only possible means of restoring the industrial life of the country—protection to infant industries. This would have been to violate the principles of Free Trade and to impair the profits of Lancashire. India as a producer of raw materials and a consumer of manufactures has always meant a great deal to the workshop of the world. This is the second debt of England to India.

British pluck and perseverance won this great empire for England. But who paid for it? India herself. All the Indian wars through a century have been financed out of the funds of the Indian government. Even wars not concerning India, such as wars in Africa, have been partly saddled upon the Indian treasury. India has been an excellent training ground for British armies, provided at Indian expense from the time of embarkation at English ports. This is a third item in England's debt to India, and an important item in India's debt to Englishmen, for the funds had to be raised, at a good per cent, in England.

The British administration has provided India with railways—at India's expense. Mr. Lajpat Rai does not think India could afford them. No doubt much of the money would have been better spent on canals or schools. The Indian railways, however, meet expenses, including interest on their cost. One would suppose that this would be, from a financial point of view, sufficient defense of them. The author attempts to show that this is not the case; he feels that they ought somehow to produce a net percentage for the state besides. The canals do return a generous net profit, of which the author disapproves. Is he perhaps misled in one case or the other by excessive zeal in criticism? Socially, the railways may have had the unfavorable effect he ascribes to them, of draining the country of grain and so making famines more desperate.

The famine is the most serious count against British administration. History records eighteen famines in India from the beginning of the eleventh century down to 1745. From 1800 to 1825 there were five famines with approximately 1,000,000 deaths; from 1825 to 1850, two famines with 500,000 deaths; from 1851 to 1875, six famines with 5,000,000 deaths; and from 1876 to 1900, eighteen famines with 26,000,000 deaths. A Malthusian would say, India is getting over-populated. But no, India has only 158 people to the square mile to Germany's 311, and yet, as we have learned, to our sorrow, Germany can almost provide her population with food from her own soil, on the average much less productive than India's. Besides, India produces enough food even in famine years to feed her population. The people, with ten dollars per capita of annual income, cannot buy it in competition with the exporters. There are

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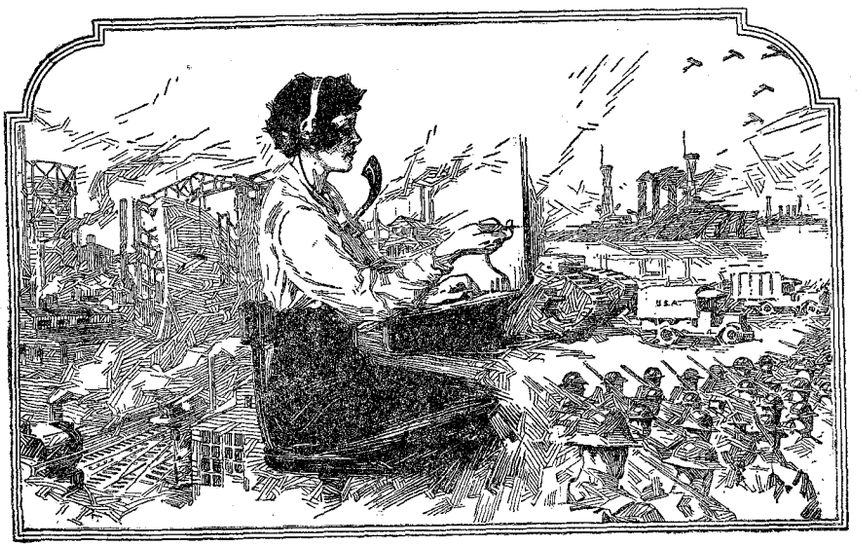

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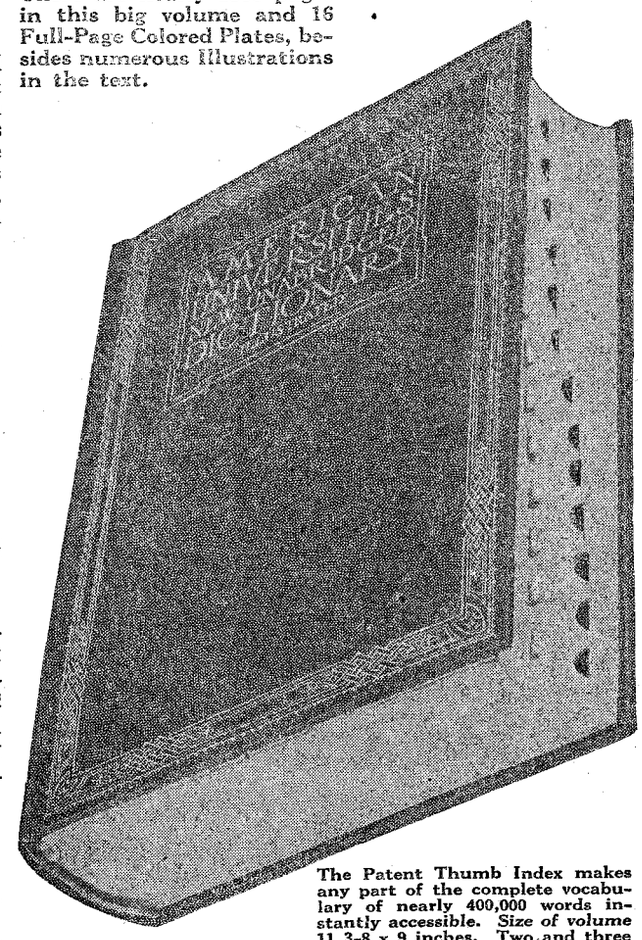

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one hundred million persons in India that feel the sharp pinch of hunger every year, while ships go forth laden with food to pay for an expensive administration and an expensive army, for interest on debts contracted to pay for wars the people never wanted or to build railways to carry the food away from persons who need it.

There is, of course, another side to the question. If the British traders of the eighteenth century had not plundered India, French or Dutch or Spanish traders would have done so. Not England, but western imperialistic civilization, is to be held accountable for India's ruin. If British industry had not driven India's industry to the wall, the industry of other European countries or of America would have effected the same end. Occidental capitalism derived a part, but only a relatively small part, of its momentum from the looting of India. And it is against Occidental capitalism, not against British industry in particular, that the indictment holds. Laissez-faire economics as a political principle imposed bitter hardships upon the Hindu craftsman, but it imposed bitter hardships also upon the craftsman of England and continental Europe. The cost of war and aristocratic civil government has weighed heavily upon the Hindu laborer; it has weighed heavily upon Occidental labor as well. India is more the victim of a system, less the victim of personal and racial greed and malice than Mr. Lajpat Rai seems to assume. But, now that the western peoples have been brought to the brink of destruction by the same system, it is well that we should be given fresh light upon its workings in India, where it has not been subject to the meliorating influences of popular participation in government. We are engaged in a desperate struggle to make the world better and safer and more hopeful for the common man. It is the business of India's faithful sons to see that we do not forget that the common man who most needs to be sustained by the new flood of world democracy is the inhabitant of colonies not yet accorded self-government.

A. J.

Contributors

to this issue

M. E. Ravage, author of An American in the Making.

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THE OBJECT of this course is to consider the present deficiencies of education as a means of promoting social readjustment. It will include an analysis of the traditional elements in our current system, and attempt to distinguish between those that are vital and those that have become anachronisms in our dynamic age. The great additions to our knowledge of man made during the past quarter of a century will be reviewed, a matter which receives but slight attention in our colleges and universities, and account will be taken of the extraordinary revolution which has during the same period taken place in our social environment, since this, even if there had been no great increase in our knowledge of man, would have rendered a fundamental revision of our educational system essential. Lastly, an attempt will be made to determine the ways in which education should be readjusted so as to forward the reform of existing evils.

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COURSE No. 3—*Problems of American Government*
Twelve lectures by CHARLES A. BEARD, *Director of the Bureau of Municipal Research and Training for Public Service, assisted by members of the Bureau Staff.*
These lectures will be given at the Bureau, 261 Broadway, and by arrangement are open to students in the School of Social Research.
Tuesday afternoons, from four to six o'clock.

THIS COURSE will deal with the practical methods involved in the development of efficient democracy, including such matters as administrative organization and methods, civil service and political parties, budget making, the relation of government to public utilities and industry, modern social policies involving governmental action, and the growth of specialized functions, such as public health, public works, education, recreation and housing, etc. Opportunities will be given to selected students having the proper preparatory training to engage in research work under supervision of members of the staff of the Bureau of Municipal Research.

Fee for course, $15.00

COURSE No. 4—*Habit and History*
Twelve lectures by EMILY JAMES PUTNAM
Wednesday afternoons, from four to six o'clock

THE LONG predominance of habitual conduct over individual initiative in primitive society and in the early empires; the biological and social limitations which tend to foster habit and to develop it beyond its proper sphere; the technique of habit-breaking inaugurated by the Greeks and becoming a characteristic of western society; an effort to appraise the amount of excessive and undesirable habit in thought and action generally connected with such concepts as nationalism, religion, the status of women, etc.

Fee for course, $15.00

COURSE No. 5—*Representative Government*
Six lectures by HAROLD J. LASKI
Monday afternoons, February 10 to March 17, from four to six o'clock

THE CLASSIC system of representative government, as conceived by the nineteenth century, has broken down. It has become necessary to search out new ways (*a*) for the making of legislation; (*b*) for its administration through the civil service; (*c*) for the relating of a newer and wider public opinion to the policies of the state. The new theory of representative government must find means also of giving expression to the needs of producers' not less than consumers' interests. Special emphasis will be laid upon the recent experience of England, France and America.

Fee for course, $8.00

COURSE No. 6—*The Price System and the War*
Six lectures by WESLEY CLAIR MITCHELL
Monday afternoons, March 24 to April 29, from four to six o'clock

THE ROLE of prices in modern life. How the war raised prices. How the rising prices affected "economic mobilization." Price fixing. Rising prices and the distribution of income. The effect of peace upon prices, production, profits, and wages.

Fee for course, $8.00

COURSE No. 7—*The Mind Viewed as a Factor in Social Adjustments*
Twelve lectures by FREDERICK W. ELLIS
Friday afternoons, from four to six o'clock

AN INTRODUCTORY study of the technique of mental adjustments; the origin and development of mental efficiency in the contact of human organisms with their environment; the fitness of the environment to call forth varied and well-organized responses; and the fitness of the organism to develop efficient patterns of response; the growth and characterization of these patterns; the relations of patterned behavior to the fundamental qualities of human nature; the acquisition of individual and group patterns in human conduct; the customary forms of social thinking; the measurement of mental efficiency; the methods of securing integrity of mind in the course of social experience.

Fee for course, $15.00

Lectures by ORDWAY TEAD *and others*
COURSES ON EMPLOYMENT ADMINISTRATION are designed for actual labor executives on short-time leave from private industrial plants, for public servants in industrial relations work, and for graduate students anxious to train for the profession of personnel management. The work combines lectures, readings and factory visits and endeavors to supply a definite technique, as well as a sound point of view toward the human problems of industry and government.

All applications and inquiries should be addressed to the Executive Secretary
EMMA PETERS SMITH, PH.D., 465 WEST 23RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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